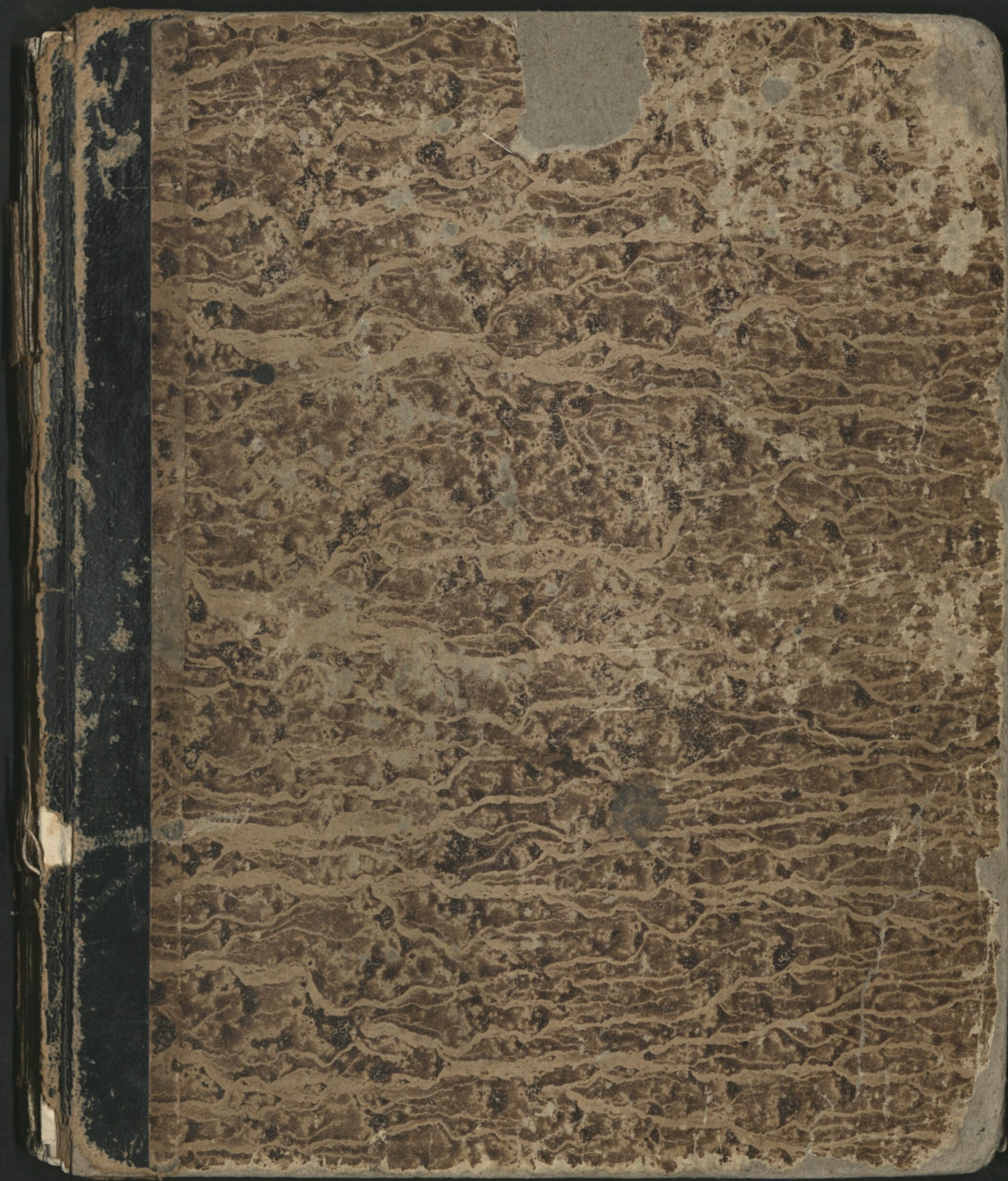
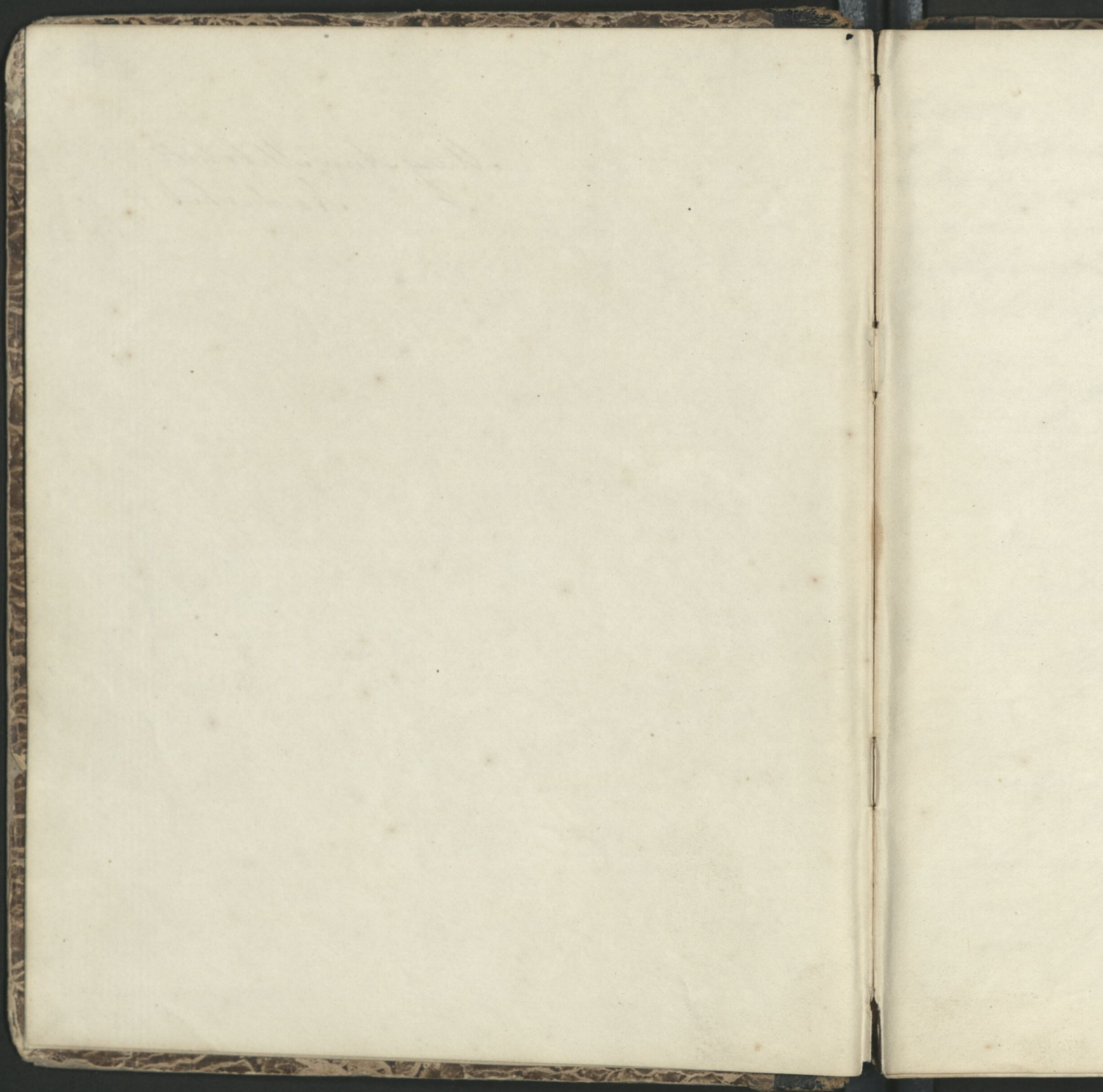
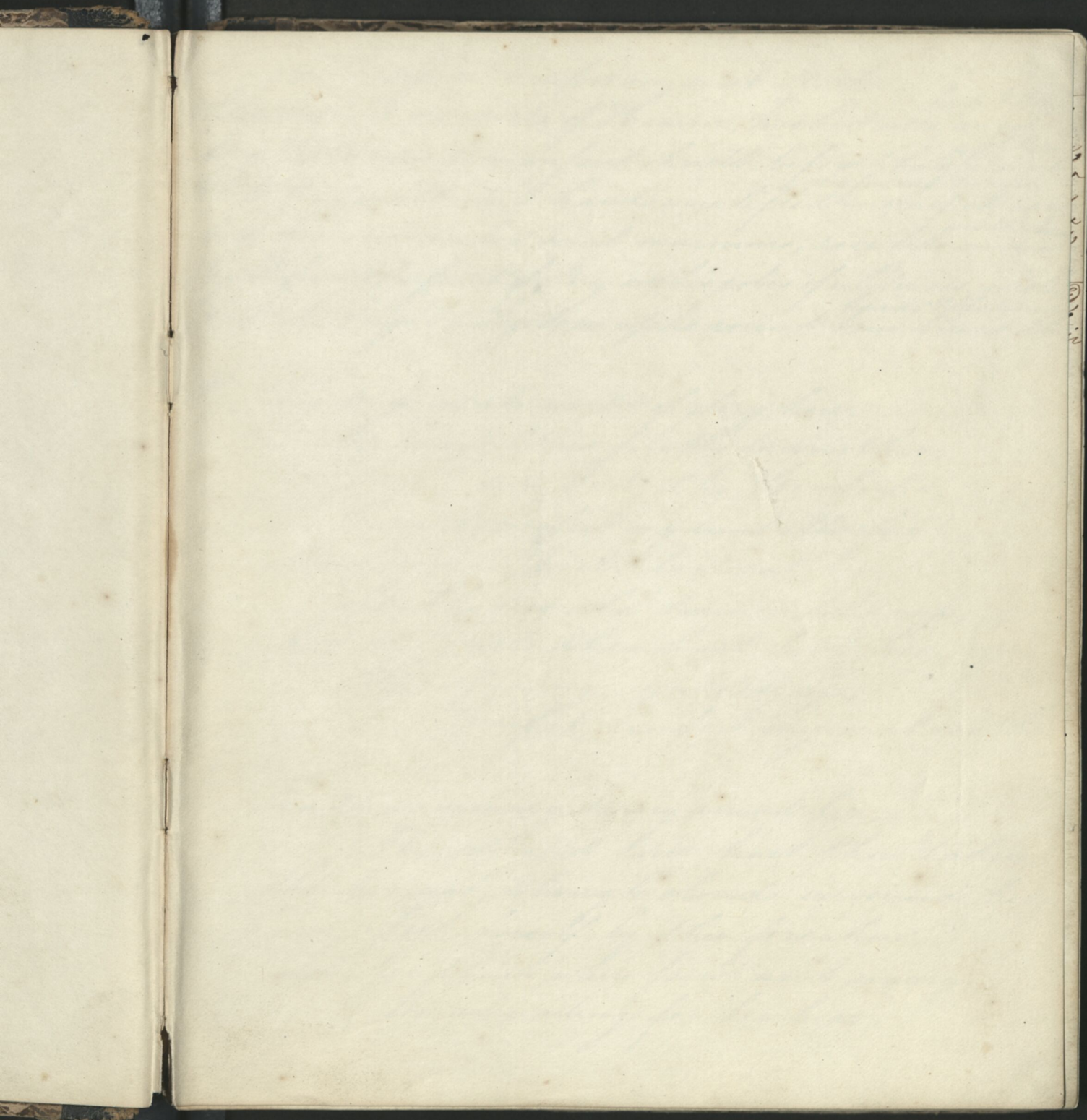




no. 65-4

Mary Ann Mitchell.
Nantucket 1877.





Comfort
Silence filled the
As a little new
While his small
And his voice
Light from the
And the bright

Lord, from
My heart
Oh Lord
Comfort
Many souls
Mute
And the
When

Earth is
True
Let her
Feed
Let her
We

Comfort, Comfort my sweet Mother. ^{harp & tone,}
Silence filled the courts of Heaven, hushed were angel
As a little new-born infant knelt before the Eternal ^{throne,}
While his small white hands were lifted ^{in fervent prayer,} clasped as if
And his voice, in low sweet murmurs, rose like ^{from the air,} music
Light from the fount of glory on his robes of whiteness glistened
And the bright winged seraphs round him bowed their ^{heads & listened,} throats

' Lord, from the world of glory here,
My heart turns fondly to another,
Oh Lord! our God, the Comforter,
Comfort, comfort my sweet Mother!
Many sorrows hast thou sent her,
Mekly has she drained the cup,
And the jewels thou hast lent her
Unrepining, yielded up;
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Earth is growing dreary round her;
Friends and lover hast thou taken,
Let her not, though clouds surround her,
Feel herself by thee forsaken,
Let her think when faint and weary,
We are waiting for her here,

Let each loss which makes Earth dreary,
Make the thought of Heaven more dear.
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Lovest! thou in nature human,
Dwelt on earth a little while child,
Pillowed on the breast of woman,
Blessed Mary, undefiled,
Thou, who from the cross of suffering,
Marked thy mother's tearful face,
And bequeathed her to thy loved one,
Telling him to fill thy place,
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Thou, who from the heavens descending,
Tears and woes and suffering seen;
Thou, who nature's laws suspending,
Gave the widow back her son;
Thou, who at the grave of Lazarus,
Wept with those who wept their dead,
Thou, who once in mental anguish,
Bowed thine own anointed head,
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother?

The dove-like,
But still, the
Still, now his
Till golden
And as the
High, clear an
He is, the

The infant bo

11th mo 10th

A little che
And
She ran, wi
And g

Gay, strang
But
And, shak
Spea

The dove-like murmur died away upon the radiant air,
But still the suppliant knelt, with hands still clasped ^{in prayer,}
Still were his softly pleading eyes, turned to the Sapphire ^{throne,}
Till golden harp, and angel voice, rung out in mingling
And as the silvery numbers, swelled by seraph voices given,
High, clear and sweet, the anthem rolled ^{the courts of heaven,} through all
"He is the widow's God, it said, who spared, not
his own son?"

The infant bowed his head, 'Thy will oh, Lord, be Done!'

11th mo 10th 1857.

"When our ship comes in"
By C. F. Rowe.

A little child dwell by the flowing sea,
And her home was the home of poverty.
She ran with bare feet o'er the golden sands,
And gathered shells with her small, brown hands.

Gay, strangers came in rich robes dight,
But the little maiden shunned their sight;
And shaking ~~her~~ curls o'er her blushing face,
Sped away like a fawn that flies the chase.

When the strangers were gone, said the mother, mild;
"What was it dismayed thee, my darling child?"
"O, mother! my feet were bare and brown,
I had no bonnet, and then - this gown!"

She held up the skirt of her faded frock,
Sadly rent by the jagged rock,
And she said, with a deep & a long drawn sigh,
"Will I have such dresses as they by-and-by?"

Her mother smiled with a grave, sweet grace,
As she smoothed the curls from ^{grimed} her face,
And said, "When our ship comes in from sea,
You shall have garments and all things free."

"When our ship comes in!" said the little one,
And away to the highest rock she run,
And watched till night-shadows dimmed the ^{shore}
For the freighted ship & its treasured stow.

Long and often she watched in vain,
No ship for her sailed over the main.
"How many watchers in life there be
For the ship that never comes over the sea!"

11th Nov. 16th.

"Lay

Yes, the

And

For I

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For

Oh! to

"Lay

Thus on

In

Farewell

How

Children

Ch

I shall

"Lay

Do not

Sm

He, who

"Lay me down & let me die."

Yes, the golden bowl is broken
And the silver band must part,
For I feel Death's dreaded token
Coldly creeping o'er my heart,
This frail form will know no morrow,
For its close is drawing nigh,
Oh! to end this pain & sorrow,
"Lay me down and let me die."

Thus on earth, must end my labors,
In the church I loved so well,
Farewell brethren and sweet sisters,
How I loved you none may tell,
Children, that have gone before me,
Children standing weeping by,
I shall meet you all in glory,
"Lay me down and let me die."

Do not grieve for me dear husband,
Since for me to die is gain,
He, whose hand is heavy on you,

Will your burdened heart sustain,
If I pass away before you,
Let us part without a sigh,
Shed no tear of anguish o'er me,
"Lay me down & let me die."

Hark! the voice of my Redeemer,
Calls my waiting spirit home,
Let me not on earth to linger,
Let me go, mine hour is come,
On your head a little longer,
On your breast a little longer,
Let my bleeding head thus lie,
When you feel its last faint throbbings,
"Lay me down and let me die!"

1st mo 31st 1858.

I have a
For
From our
To

It has

This

I have a

The

This

And

I have

That

My Heart.

I have a heart, a loving heart,
For those I call my own;
From out its depths quick answers start,
To true affection's tone.

It lavishes its store of gold
Upon the chosen few:
This heart of mine shall never grow cold,
My chosen ones to you.

I have a heart, a cold, proud heart,
For those who would unlock
The hidden casket's innermost part,
Its brightest gems to mock.
This heart, in polished outward mien,
Can veil what it may feel,
And not to wince when I wean,
By word or look reveal.

I have a heart, so quickly stirred,
To sorrow or to pain,
That oft the slightest little word,
Will send through every vein.

The rushing blood; or silent look,
Withdrawn as soon as given,
Will stand inscribed in Memory's book
To life's remotest even.

I have a heart, too warm a heart,
For Nature everywhere,
A heart that cannot words impart,
To thoughts all glowing there.
I love the singing birds of Spring;
The summer with its flowers;
But most the year's sad autumning,
I love all lovely hours,

I have a heart, a wayward heart,
Which daily goes astray, -
Doth daily from the right depart,
And lose the upward way.
O! that this heart of mine were safe within
The peacely gates above,
Safe from temptation, free from sin,
And blest in perfect love.

1st Mo 31st 18

Not to-night
But within the
With my cheek upon
Just as lay my head

May, my father! do not
For I can find the
And I fear not the
For a bright and rare

Let the father, 'twas
Thinking of my part
Till my tears bedew
And I prayed alone

'Twas just then as
And her voice, wa
And her robe, seem
And her pure high

And the room, seem
Beaming from the

The Spirit Mother.

Not to night I'll kneel beside thee, to repeat my evening ^{prayer,}
But within that curtained chamber, father I will say it there.
With my cheek upon my pillow, and my hands upon my breast,
Just as lay my beauteous mother, in that deep & dreamy rest.

Nay, my father! do not follow, with that taper's waning light;
For I can find the way without thee, and I'll pray alone to night;
And I fear not through the darkness, growth deep as midnight gloam,
For a bright and radiant angel, giveth light within my room.

List the father, 'twas last ^{evening} night as I lay upon my bed,
Thinking of my pained mother, whom they hid among the dead,
Till my tears bedew'd the pillow, as though wet with dropping rain,
And I pray'd alone in anguish, that she might come back again.

'Twas just then as I lay weeping, that the beauteous angel came,
And her voice was fraught with music, as she called me by my name ^{bright},
And her robe seem'd woven moonbeams, 'twas so fair and soft and
And her pure high brow seem'd circled with a diadem of light.

And the room seem'd full of brightness, all around and overhead,
Beaming from that shining angel, who sat by me on the bed,

And I was not frightened father, as she sat there by my side,
But I felt so calm and happy, I would willingly have died.

And her eyes so mild and dovelike, gazing down into my own,
And her voice so soft and silvery, having music in its tone,
And the kisses she imprinted on my lips and on my brow,
O, my heart with rapture trembles, as I think upon them now.

And, she spoke, I cannot tell the all the blessed angel said,
As she bent above my pillow, and kept watch beside my bed,
'Twas of heavenly things she told me, of a bright and lovely land,
Where, there dwell with angel children, many a fair & spotless band.

Father, dost thou know the angel, what they called her ^{name,} earthly,
'Twas the mother I have mourned for; yes, my father, ^{the same.} 'twas
For she called me daughter and forbade me longer weep —
And with songs she used to sing me, lulled me till I fell asleep.

Now good-night, I will not linger; let me have thy good-night ^{kiss,}
Was there is a child so little, blessed with so divine a bliss,
As to have a spirit mother, when the earthly one is dead
To come each night when the darkness falleth, and keep watch ^{beside my bed?}

Nay, I would go
Angel came to guide

4th mo 8th 185

Acknowledge
but never receive

4th mo 8th 185

What

Far in a
From you to
The moss
His foot the
Remote from
Prayer all
A life
Secured head
That vice
Thus sprung
His hopes n

May, I would go alone my father, for I fear not since the
Angel came to guard me - So again good night, good night.

4th mo 8th 1858.

Acknowledge thy benefits by the return of other benefits,
but never revenge injuries.

Confucius

4th mo 8th 1858.

That

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew.
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the day,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure pray.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Secur'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
Thus sprung some doubt of Providence's sway,
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,

And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives, impress,
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees, depending, grow;
And shies beneath with answering colors, glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift, ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Bank, tree, and shies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt; to know the world by sight;
To find if books or swains report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew;
He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And find the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the sun
To date to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and loathsome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er the crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft, in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then, near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;

And hail!
Words follow
And talk of
Till, each word
While, in the
Thus stands
Thus youth
Now sunk the
Came onward
Nature, in
When, near
There, by the
Whose verdure
It chance
Still made
But still, the
Pro'd the
The pair are
Their lord
A stable groan
And all is
Then, led
Deep, sunk
At length

And hail! my son, the rev'rend sire repli'd:
Words follow'd words; from question answer flow'd;
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till, each with other pleas'd and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in every bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sink the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
When, near the road, a stately palace rose;
There, by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd the sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still, made his house the wand'ring ^{Chome} stranger's home;
But still, the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proo'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
A table groans with costly piles of food;
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk and heaps of down.
At length to morn; and at the dawn of day,

Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh is the gay parterres the breezes sweep,
And shake the neighb'ring woods to banish sleep,
Up rise the guests obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd & thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the gitt'ring prize.

As one who sees a serpent his ways
Glist'ning and basking in the basking rays,
Disorder'd stops, to shew the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
To sum'd the eve, when, far upon the road,
The shivering spoil his wary partner shew'd.
He ~~stop'd~~ was stopped with silence,

walked with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd but durst not ask to part;
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glows shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;

A sound m
And beas
Warn'd b
To seek for
It was built
And strong
Its owner
Unkind
As near the
Fierce risin
The nimble
And in the
Here long
Driven by
At length,
It was then
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Bread of
(Each hard
And when
A ready w

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert send across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter in a neighbouring seat.
It was built with turrets on a rising ground;
And strong and large and unimprov'd around.
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and grasping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the ~~rain~~ rain.
At length, some pity warm'd the master's breast;
(Twas then his threshold first received a guest;)
Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One fungal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
And why should such (within himself he cried,
Look! the lost wealth, a thousand want beside?
But, what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his rest, the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stunted kindness of his churlish soul!
But, now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opens an azure sky;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And glittering as they tumble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat;
And the glad master bolts the wavy gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom ^{wrought}
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear -
I was there a vice and seemed a madness here.
Detesting that and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim ~~dark~~ shades again ^{the sky} involve,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie -

Again the
The soil, in
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A faint in
He spoke;
Then talk
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A long
Was strong
Before the
Near the
And with
O strange
Horror of

Again they search, and find a lodging nigh—
The soil improved around—the mansion neat—
And, neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind—
Content, and, not for praise, for virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet;
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet;
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
To the courteous master hears, and thus replies.

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come, from him accept it here—
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke; and bade the welcome table spread;
Then talk'd of virtue till the time for bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by the bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, removed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closet cradle, where an infant slept,
And, withed his neck, the landlord's tittle prides.
O strange return! — grew black, and gasp'd & died.
Horror of Horrors! What! his only son!

Wade at his back, their gradual plumes display;
The form ~~ethereal~~ bursts upon his sight,
And, moves, in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first, the pilgrim's passion ^{grew},
Sudden, he gazed, and wit not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
And, in a calm, his settled temper ends,
But silence here, the beauteous angel broke;
The voice of music, ravished as he spoke.

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice ^{known},
~~The~~ sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind,
For thus commissioned, I preside the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel, thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that would he made,
In this the light of Providence is laid;
His sacred majesty, through all, depends,
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,

And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes.
Yet taught by these, confess the almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Whose made his ivory stand with goblets,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceful custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views it in the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue true,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,

And measured
To what excess
But God, to
To all, but thee,
And 'twas my
The poor, fond
Now owns, in te

But how had
Had that fall
This night his
And what a firm

Thus heaven,
Depart in peace,

On sounding
The sage stood w
Thus, looked Elis
His master torn
The fiery pomp,
The prophet ga

The bending
"Lord, as in hear
Then, gladly
And passed a

7th mo 4th 1860

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in virtue too,
heart from God;
in pain,

And measured back ^{his steps} ~~to earth~~ to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run;

But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back?
This night his treasure'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heaven instructs thy mind. This trial be,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer began;
"Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient ^{beloved} place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

7th mo 4th 1858.

* Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
Bring the slow mysteries of years to light.

John. 4th 1858.

{ Montgomery's
World before the Flood.

The Colporteur Vandois.

Oh! regardez, ma noble et belle dame,
Ces chaînes d'or, ces joyaux précieux.
Les voyez-vous ces perles dont la flamme,
Effacerait un éclair de vos yeux?
Voyez encore ces vêtements de soie
Qui pourraient plaire à plus d'un souverain,
Quand près de vous un heureux sort m'envoie,
Achetez donc au pauvre pèlerin!

La noble dame, à l'âge où l'on est vain,
Prit les joyaux, les quitta, les reprit,
Les enlaça dans ses cheveux d'ébène,
Se trouva belle et puis elle sourit.

"Que te faut-il vieillard? des mains d'un ^{page}
Dans un instant tu vas le recevoir.

Oh! pense à moi, si ton pèlerinage
Te reconduit auprès de ce manoir.

Mais, l'étrangère d'une voix plus austère,
Lui dit, "Ma fille, il me reste un trésor
Plus précieux que les biens de la terre,
Plus éclatant que les perles et l'or.
On voit flâter aux étaltes dont il brille
Les diamants dont les rois sont épris.
Quels jours heureux l'auraient pour vous, ma fille,
Si vous avez ma perle de grand prix!"

"Montrez-la-moi, vieillard, je t'en conjure;
Ne puis-je pas te l'acheter aussi?"
Et l'étrangère, sous son manteau de bure,
Chercha longtemps un vieux livre noirci,
"Ce bien, dit-il, vaut mieux qu'une couronne;
Nous l'appellons la Parole de Dieu.
Je ne vends pas ce trésor, je le donne;
Il est à vous: le ciel vous aide! adieu!"

Il s'éloigna, bientôt la noble dame,
Lut et relut, le livre des Soudois.
La vérité pénétra dans son âme,
Et du Sarcus elle comprit la voix;
Puis, une matinée, près des tours crénelées
Loin des plaisirs que le monde chérit

On l'aperçut dans les humble vallées
Où les Taudois adorant Jésus Christ.

7th mo 4th 1858.

(Oh! see, my beautiful & noble lady,
These chains of gold, these precious jewels.)

The Taudois: Missionary.

"O lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare,
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear,
And these pearls are pure as ^{fairer} ~~thy~~ own
With whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way;
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man
Through the dark & clustering curls

That veil
His
And she
And
But she
"Ally

"O lady
Which
Than
On
A woman
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Whose
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"Bring
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Then
And

That veiled his brow as she bent to scan
His silk and glittering pearls;
And she placed the price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest
"O my gentle lady stay,"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which purer lustre brings
Than the diamond's flash of the jeweller's crown
On the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark
Thick clasping pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
Then name the price of the precious gem
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the old man's brow,
As a small and meagre hook,
Unchased with gold, or diamond gem
From his folding robe he took.
'Here lady fair, is the pearl of price,
May it prove as such to thee -
Nay, keep thy gold, I ask it not;
For the word of God is free.'

The hoary traveller went his way,
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin,
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her contrite heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

Why dost thou talk of Death Laddie?
Why dost long to go?
The Master who has placed thee here,
Has work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of Death Laddie?
What will be said, in Heaven
When our Father asks, What hast thou done,
With the talents I have given?

I gave thee mind and eloquence,
Thy fellows to persuade,
Where are the thousands by thy power
More ~~false~~ true and holy made?

I gave the wealth and power,
And the poor around thee spread,
Where are those sheep and lambs of mine,
By thy bounty reared and fed?

I placed thee in the land of Light,
And my Gospel round thee shone,

There is that heavenly-mindedness,
I find in all my own?

At last I sent thee chastisement,
That thou mightest be my son,
Where is the humble heart that says,
"Father, Thy will be done?"

8th mo 23rd.

The Child of Earth, Mrs Norton.

Faintest her slow step falls from day to day;
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say,
I am content to die, but oh, not now! —
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe,
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,
Not while the bright flowers ^{strew} ^{wreath} ^{round} my foot —
Spare me great God! lift up my drooping brow —
I am content to die, but oh, not now!"

The Spring hath
The seasons
The glorious sun
Oh, must
* Let me not perish
With silent
For while the
Greets me
Pale sickness
I am a son

Summer is gone
Tint the
The handmaid
Shouts to
"Spare me awhile
On the
To watch me
Plant the
Cooler the breeze
I am a son
The bleak
Drift

The Spring hath ripened into Summer time;

The seasons rivulet boundary is passed,

The glorious sun hath reached his ~~prime~~ ^{prime} burning

"Oh, must this glimpse of beauty to the last;

Let me not perish while o'er land and sea;

With silent steps the Lord of light moves on;

For while the murmur of the mountain bee

Greeto my dull ear with music in its tone,

Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—

I am content to die—but oh, not now!"

Summer is gone, and autumn's sober hues,

Tint the ripe fruit and gild the waving corn,

The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,

Should the halloo and wind his eager horn,

"Spare me awhile to wander forth and gaze

On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,

To watch in silence while the evening rays

Flare through the fading trees with ruby gleams!

Cooler the bugles play around my brow—

I am content to die—but oh, not ~~xxx~~ now!"

The bleak wind whistles; ~~xx~~ snow showers far & near,

Drift without echo to the whitening ground;

Autumn hath passed away and cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound,
Yet still that prayer ascends, "Oh, laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth
Our home fire blazes broad & bright & high,
And the roof rings with voices light & loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die - but oh, not now!"

The Spring has come again, the joyful Spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing,
The Child of Earth is morned with the
The river, more the sunshine, shall awake
Beaming all ruddy through the lattice-pane,
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break
Nor fond, familiar, voices arouse again,
Death's silent shadow will they darkened how -
Why didst thou linger? - thou art happier now.

9th mo 23rd.

When I am
Will life's
And noon
Be shaded
Till like a
Will soon
When I am
Will lose
The stream
Of sadness
And I am
In my ch
When I am
To deck to
I will be
In rich a
Bright jew
Will charm
When I am
Old and m
Or else, -

When I am old.

When I am old ~~am~~ and O! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervent, earnest light,
Be shaded in the solemn night!
Till like a story well-nigh told
Will seem my life, when I am old,
When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And Spring's sweet power in rain unfold
In rosy charms - when I am old.
When I am old I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
I will be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me not - when I am old.
When I am old, my friends will be
Old and infirm, and bowed, like me;
Or else, - (their bodies 'neath the sod,

Thine spirits dwelling, safe with God,) /
The old church-bell will long have tolled
Above the rest - when I am old.
When I am old, I'd rather bend
Thus sadly in each buried friend
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth,
I will be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me - when I am old!
When I am old - O, how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time,
So distant, that it seems too bold
Even to say, "When I am old."
When I am old - Perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound,
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead - ere I am old.
Ere I am old - That time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow,
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free,

Life has
Charm
Within
Ere I
My life
Then
An ear
Or find
By God
gth mo 2 no

I like
It
It comes
God's
The

Life hath a thousand charms for me,
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart — ere I am old,
Ere I am old, — O, let me give
My life to learning, how to live!
Then, shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace — when I am old —

9th mo 2nd.

God's Acres. H. W. Longfellow.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls;
The burial-ground, God's Acres! It is just
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acres! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, Alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again,
At the great harvest, when the arch-angel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff & grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair garden of that second birth;
And each blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, that never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow,
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place, where human harvests grow."

Jan^y ms 1858.

"Festus" - Philip James Bailey -

"Who never doubted, never half believed." (?)

✓ "He must love -

Who thinks most - feels the noblest -

acts the best."

"True bliss,
In charity

"Men might
Of them.
Is to con

"The wild
Pines, the
The tender

"In all dis
Bodily, a
Rebuffs a
On the pr
Think
And did
With C

"Let each
He is m
And let
To show

"True bliss is to be found in holy life,
In charity to man - in love to God."

"Nay, might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it."

"The wild flowers' tendrils, proof of feebleness,
Prove strength; and, so, we fling our feelings out,
The tendrils of the heart, to bear us up."

"In all distress of spirit, grief of heart,
Bodily agony, or mental woe,
Rebuffs and vain assumptions of the world,
On the poor spite of weak and wicked souls,
Think thou on God - Think what he underwent
And did for us as man. Weigh thou thy cross
With Christ's and judge which were the heavier."

"Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts & good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him."

"It matters not how long we live but how."

"Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,
And by that love they are redeemable."

"It is not the hope,
Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have
Of God can save us, but the sense and soul
We have of Him within us."

"Festus" P. J. Bailey-

10th mo. 10th 1858.

The Raven - Edgar A. Poe.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,

O'er many a quaint & curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, early morn'g, suddenly there came a
tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,
"Tis some visitor" I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door
Only this, and nothing more!"

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak Decem-
ber -
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,

Eagly I wish'd
From my books,
For the rare and old

And then a
Shuddered me - fill'd
So that now to the
"Tis some visitor"
Some late visitor

Presently my soul
"Sir," said I, "do
But the fact is,
And so faintly you
What I scarce per-

Deep into that darkness
during, full
Doubting, dream
But the silence, a
And the only word
This I whisper'd,

Eagly I wish'd the morrow; - vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books, successe of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore,
In the pale and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here, for evermore.

And the silken and uncertain, settling of each purple curtain,
Shuddered me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that, now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"Tis some visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late, visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Puzzled, my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "Madam, truly your figure upstair,
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" - then I opened wide the
Darkness there, & nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there won-
dering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming did no mortal ever dare to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window late,
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore, —
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flutter,
There it stood, like a stately pawn of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopped he
or stayed he;
But with mien of lord of lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon the bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ~~del~~ long bird beguiling my sad sad soul's smiling,
Then this ~~del~~ long bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it bore,
"Though thy crest be shorn & shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no ^{craven},
Chastly, green & ancient, barren, wandering from the Nightly
Shore —
Tell me, what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
Shore;"

Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvel
Though its answer
For we cannot
Ever yet was blest
Bird or beast

But the raven, sitting
That one word,
Nothing further
Till I scarcely
On the morrow he

Startled at the still
"Doubtless," said
Caught from some
Followed fast &
Till the dregs of

But the raven
Straight I saw
Then upon the

to me humming,
than before
my window lat-
ing explore —
sting explore; —
thing more!

bird & flutter,
days of yore;
and stopped
y chamber door,
the door —
thing more.

into smiling,
ice it bore,
D, and sure no
the tightly

Plutonian
"Nervous".

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to have discovered, so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little tolerancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nervous".

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour,
Nothing further, then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered — "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nervous".

Startled at the stillness broken by reply, so softly, so uplily spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock & store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom ^{unmercifully} ~~mercilessly~~ Diaster
Followed fast & followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dinges of his Hope, the melancholy burden bore
Of "Nervous" — of "Nervous".

But the raven, still beginning all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, & bust,
Then upon the velvet ~~set~~ sinking, I betook myself to thinking

"any wild fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt & ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore'."

"This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This I more ~~sat~~ ^{divining}, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight glowed ^{on}
But whose velvet ^{night} lining with the lamplight glowed ^{on}
She shall press, ah, nevermore!"

"Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
'Tis ^{he} ~~hath~~ ^{hath} sent thee — by those angels
Respite — respite, and respite from thy memories of Lenore!
Dwaff, oh quaff this kind, repeat the ~~forget~~ ^{forget} this, let Lenore!
Quoth the raven 'Nevermore'."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!" — prophet still, if bird or ^{devil!}
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted
In this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — is there balm in Gilead? tell me — tell me, I implore!
Quoth the raven 'Nevermore'."

"Prophet!" said I,
By that ~~Heaven~~
Till this soul with
I shall clasp a ~~ghost~~
Clasp, a rare & sad

By that word our
Get thee back into
Leave no black spot
Leave my loneliness
Take thy beak from

And the raven
On the pallid
And his eyes had
And the lamp
And my soul

1st ms 2nd 185

lid of yore —
minous bid of
"Nevermore".
expressing
bosom's core;

at a reclining
light glated
glating o'er,
h. nevermore!

sun center,
from an un-
the tufted flow,
he that will this
those angels
moons of Lenore!
this, let Lenore!
"Nevermore".

devil!
till, if bid or
ashore —
tut thee here
land enchanted
truly I implore —
tell me I implore
"Nevermore".

"Prophet"! said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bid or devil!
By that ~~Heaven~~ ^{both above} heaven that bends above us, by that God we
till this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant ^{Heaven} ~~Heaven~~,
I shall clasp a ~~sainted~~ ^{Lenore} sainted maiden whom the angels name
Loose, spare & radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Quoth the raven "Nevermore".

Re that word our sign of parting, bid or friend! ^{upstarting} "Scrieked,
Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form ^{deeps!} off my door!
Quoth the raven "Nevermore".

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the ^{up the floor;} summing of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him ^{floor} streaming shows his shadow
And my soul from out that shadow that lies flating on the floor,
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

1st ms 2nd 1859. (Finished.)

"It is with flowers as with friends. Many may be loved,
but few much loved." H. W. Beecher. (Star Papers.)

"The long discontinuance of regular occupation produces
sadness & depression", (dissatisfaction) "by a sense of per-
sonal waste & worthlessness, which makes the day long
and life almost a burden." (Star Papers.)

"When one is young, and not yet entered on life, the
heart pants for new things & for excitement. But
after one has taken the burden upon his back, & lived
amidst cares that never rest, but beat upon the
shore like an unquiet surf, then nothing is so lux-
urious as the calm of a country neighborhood."

"Star Papers" H. W. B.

10th mo 23rd 1858.

No word
Even if

1st mo 2nd

Between
Is the love
The peace
And the
There is
But a

There is
I can see
And see
And hear
But the
His speech

There is the

he loved,
(Star Papers.)

the produces
use of per-
the day long
(s.)

le, the
But
a line
the
so lux-
hood."

H. B.

No word, once spoken, returns
(Even if uttered unwitting).

Andromeda, Charles Kingsley.
1st mo 2nd 1859.

The Stranger on the Sill.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill. —

There is the barn — and as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallow's throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes — oh! painful proof —
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard — the very trees,

When my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook, where the hazels grow,
I was there I found the calamus root,
And watched the mimows pierce & shoot,
And heard the robin leave his wing,
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly for I love it still,
And when you crowd the old barn-eaves,
I then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more!

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories sturd their heart:

To you the
And in

The bairn
The mea
The word
My head
Be strange
Step to

2nd mo 20th

Breaver

"Blessed

It is not with
Have breathe

their
Not yet, when
their
The sharpest
mour

To your happy spot still leave the living,
And in sweet reverence hold the Spring.

O The bairn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall —
My heart still lingers with them all.
Be strangers on my native hill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

2nd mo 20th 1839.

Bereavement and Consolation.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

It is not in the parting hour, when those we fondly love
Have breathed to us their last farewell, & winged
their way above,
Nor yet, when in the darksome grave we lay them to
their rest,
O The sharpest pang of sorrow rends the stricken
mourner's breast.

'Tis when we seek our lonely home, and meet no more
the smile

Which could the darkest cloud dispel, & every care
bequile;

And when we meet around the board, or at the hour of
prayer,

'Tis then the heart must feel its loss - the loved ones
are not there.

And thus while days and months steal on, as memory
brings to view

The vision of departed joys, our grief is stirred anew;
Though faith may own a Father's hand, yet nature
will rebel,

And feel how hard it is to say, "He doth all
things well."

Oh! mournful memories of the past, ye wear our lives
away!

Ye haunt us in our dreams by night, & through
each weary day;

The home which late, like Eden's bower, in blooming
beauty smiled,

Ye make a barren wilderness, a desert
waste & wild.

But why

The pain

Our heart

Saw da

Not lo

When u

Then

Who he

Not w

is but

He sa

more
every care
is hour of
the loved ones
memory
tured anew;
yet nature
dash all
our lives
although
bloming
ut

But why thus yield to fruitless grief? He, they, not
happier far,

The, sainted ones for whom we mourn, than we
who linger here?

Our hearts should glow with grateful love, to Him
whose watchful eye

Saw dangers gathering round their path, &
called them to the ship.

Not long shall we deplore their loss deplore for
soon the hour will come,

When we with those so loved fondly loved, shall
slumber in the tomb.

Then let the remnant of our days be to His
service given,

Who hid our idols in the grave, lest we should
fail of heaven.

Not willingly the Lord afflicts, nor giveth he
sorrow to the sons of men;

'Tis but to wean our souls from earth, & break
the power of sin.

He saw us wandering from His path, & sent
the chastening rod,

To turn our feet from error's way, & bring us home
to God.

Shall we defeat His wise design, & waste our
days in tears,

Ungrateful for the numerous gifts that heaven
in mercy spares?

Let faith & hope be cherished still & brighter
days shall dawn,

And plants of peace shall spring anew
from seeds in sorrow sown.

3rd mo 13th 1859.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath white foam, as it,
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness,
And scantly in the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

4th mo 3rd 1859.

The host
And over

The fader
Like the fader

And rising
To humbler

The most
Their chief,

He felt,
To lend him

And know
And poured

"O! Thou,
"Jehovah,"

"Be pleased
To cast, on

"Behold, O
"Of her who

"When thy
"Lord, she

"Hath raised

Jephtha's Vow.

The hostile armies still were hushed in sleep
And over Gilead's plain hung silence, deep;
The fading watch-fires dimly gleamed from far
Like the faint radiance of some twinkling star,
And rising high in heaven the moon's pale beam
To tumbling Ruster shed ice bank & stream.
The men of Israel slept. While in his tent
Their chief, in prayer, the long (ring) moments spent
He felt, how less than vain was human power
To lend him succor in the coming hour
And kneeling, threw aside his helm & sword
And poured his soul in supplication to the Lord.
"O! Thou, who ridest on the whirlwind's wing)
"Jehovah, Judge of earth and King of kings,
"Be pleased from thy abiding place on high
"To cast, on Israel's low estate thine eye.
"Behold, O! Lord how fallen is the pride
"Of her who once the nations round defied
"When thy bright pillar was her shield & guide!
"Lord, she hath sinned! Forgetful of thy name
"Hath raised to other gods the altar's flame,

"Unmindful of thy music she hath knelt
"And joined in prayer with those that round her dwell,
"But Lord forgive! for she bends the knee
"And turns in fearful penitence to thee,
"Her cherished idols from their shrine she spurns
"And once again Thy holy altar burns.
"Forgive her Lord! again thy grace restore
"And on her wounds thy healing balm pour!
"How long O, Lord shall Israel bow the head,
"And mourn her power estranged, her glory fled?
"How long shall Zion's daughters mourn in vain
"The best, the noblest of her captains slain?
"Arie, arie! thy lamp of light restore
"And on her foes thy cup of vengeance pour!
"Arie, Arie! in thy returning wrath,
"And sweep proud Ammon from his guilty path!
"O, Thou! who hearest from Heaven thy servants' prayer
"If 'gainst my foes thy vengeful arm thou'lt bare,
"If thou wilt nerve my arm and edge my sword
"That death and darkness, though their ranks be ^{packed}
"As horned with exulting shout, I turn,
"Unnumbered foes shall on thy altar burn:
"And what of all my household first shall be
"To quit thy servant, shall be slain for thee."

Thus fell
And gave
The power
And fell
The chief
His help
In ear
And song
But thou
His faint
The flesh
In morn
Nor were
Where
A band
The bright
With timb
In numbe
And while
Their brig
The leade
Was fair
With poss
The ruby

Thus Jephtha prayed, Jehovah heard his prayer,
And gave his arm to triumph in the war,
The power of Ammon was subdued and slain
And Israel rescued from her captive chain.
The chieftain turned him home in conquering pride
His helpless captives trembling by his side,
In car triumphant with proud laurels hung
And songs of victory around him sung;
But though his brow swelled with conscious pride
His fainting heart in secret sadness died,
The flush of triumph faded from his brow
In memory of his unaccomplished vow.
Nor were his bodings false, — As near he drew
To where his native city met his view,
A band of maidens gaily decked with flowers,
The brightest blooming in their rosette bowers,
With timbrel, dance and song to meet him came
In numbers loud proclaiming Jephtha's name.
And while his proud achievements still they sang
Their brightest laurels in his path they flung.
The leader of that band of joyous girls
Was fairest of the group. The clustering curls,
With roses wreathed — the cheek of blush & snow
The ruby lips — the eyes' expressive glow —

All mid in her, & beamed more brightly fair
For the proud feeling that had called her there.
She forward sprang to meet the chief's advance,
And first on her was cast his anxious glance,
That marshalled cavalcade, that pomp of show!
What were they to his anxious spirit now?
E'en mid the wild acclaims that rent the air,
He tore the wreath of laurels from his hair
And dashing from his side his conquering blade
He sprang to earth, to meet & clasp the maid.
"My child! my daughter wild exclaimed the chief,
"How hast thou turned my triumph into grief!
"How hast thou now become as one of those
"Who are my worst tormentors and my foes!
"For I have vowed, in prayer unto the Lord,
"If he would, nerve my arm and edge my sword,
"That, of my household, what first met my eyes,
"Should lie to him a holy sacrifice!"

The maiden heard - and one convulsive start
Drove back the ebbing life blood to her heart,
While with blanched cheek and vacant eye, she stood
As though the hand of death had chilled her blood.
"I was but an instant, then her changing eye
With bright fire kindling, showed her purpose high,

"Since thou
"Do thou to
"I cannot
"An offering
{ The ma
Did Geo

10th mo. 183

"Since thou hast vowed, my father to the Lord,
Do thou to me according to thy word.

"I cannot murmur that my life should be
An offering thus for Israel & for thee!"

{ The maiden died; and long in after years,
Did Zion's daughter, mourn her fate with tears.

10th mo. 1859.

Never give up — *Supper.*

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Shing off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical ^{care!}
Never give up! or the burden may sink you, —
Providence kindly has mingled the cup; —
And in all trials, & troubles, bet think you
The watchword of life must be, ^{up!} Never give

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ^{changes}
And through the chaos, High Wisdom
Ever success, — if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, ^{cup!}
Knowing that Providence mingles the
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up!

Never give up! — though the grape-shot ^{may rattle,}
Or the full thundercloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock, & the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing
their worst;

Never give up!
Providence
And the be
Is the st.

10. ms. 8. 1859.

Rely not alone
own wisdom
great thing;
our Heaven
the honest in
and though
ever, must be,
responsibility
these things

11. ms. 1859.

'Tis granted
Our most

11. ms. 1859.

Never give up! - if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distress,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

10 ms. 8. 1859.

Rely not alone upon yourselves, as if by your
own wisdom and might you could do this
great thing; but seek that direction which
our Heavenly Father never withholds from
the honest inquirer after his guidance, -
and though the teacher's work is, and
ever must be, attended with overwhelming
responsibility, you will be sufficient for
these things.

Page in *Principles and Practice*
of Teaching.

11 ms. 1859.

'Tis granted and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years.
Cowper.

11 ms. 1859.

When Autumn like a faint old man, sits down
by the wayside awary.

Longfellow.

11/26. 1859.

Those graves of memory where sleep the
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth
But perished young like things of earth.
Montgomery.

11/26.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs,
For every flower in other's pathway shown
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

11/26. 1859.

The

Sweet is
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It is sweet
And
Oh, joy
If we

What do
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And
What is
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When the
We
Oh, joy
If

1859. 1861.

The Welcome Back. - E. Cook

Sweet is the hour that brings us home
Where all will spring to meet us -
Whose hands are stirring, as we come,
To be the first to greet us,
When the world hath spent its frowns & weathers,
And can seem sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a friendly blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we seek on a weary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of the diamond's ray
To the glance that flashes pleasure,
When the words that welcome back betray
We form a heart's ^{great} (chief) treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

1859. 1861.

One is often so weary of one's self, that a resem-
blance of that self would never tempt affection.
The heart requires contrast of character but
harmony of sentiment, not unvarying con-
genialities but answering sympathy.

Alde. De Stael.

12/12 1859.

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn
6 mo. 4. 1860 - F. Grey.

If fading, ever fading, are the beautiful things of earth,
If life is sorrow shaded even from the hour of birth
How sweet will be the food, when we from earthly
ties are riven.

That brightening ever brightening are the beautiful
things of Heaven -

6 mo 4.

Cherish Catwood.

One
Come
Sam
Tha
Near
Where
Near
Near
Near
Where
Near
Near

6 mo 4. 1860

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er & o'er,
I am nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before,
Nearer my Father's home
Where the many mansions be
Nearer the great white throne
Nearer the jasper sea - crystal
Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer bearing the crown -
gaining

P. Carey.

June 4. 1860

- The Closed Eye -

The eye was closed, and calm the breast;
I was sleep - the weary was at rest;
While fancy on her rainbow wings
Ranged through a world of new-made things,
Mid regions pure, and regions bright,
Found but to mock the waiting sight
For ah! how light does slumber sit
On sorrow's brow - how quickly flit
From her pale throne, when curious care
Comes wrapped in clouds and frowning there.

Again, I saw the falling lid,
And from her sight the world was hid.
The lip was moved; the knee was bent;
The heavy laden spirit went,
Bearing her burden from the dust,
Up to her only Rock of trust;
And child-like, on her Father's breast,
Cast off the load, and found her rest.
For, this was Prayer - 'twas faith & love
Communing with a God above.

And
Had
Had
And
Umbo
Lay
Which
Dwell
Had
And

8 mo. 19. 186

At length that eye was locked; the key
Had opened heaven - 'twas Death! yes he
Had sweetly quelled the mortal strife,
And to the saint, the gates of life
Unbolted. On the sleeper's brow
Lay the smooth seal of quiet now,
Which none could break. The soul that here
Dwelt with eternal things so near,
Had burst her bonds to soar on high,
And left to earth the thrice-closed eye.

8 mo. 19. 1860.

Palestine

Blest land of Judaea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly & Just with the people sat down
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulida's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabn to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river O Hishon, is snoring along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehorah in vain,

And thy
slaves

There down
And Naphthali
And the
For the arm

There sleep
To the song
When the pre
And the s

Lo, Bethlehem
With the m
There rested
These song

And Bethan
Their shadow
But where are
The Lowly

I tread where
I stand where

And thy torrents run dark with the blood of the
slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
There song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lonely Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the Twelve in their way-faring trod;
I stand where they stood with the Chosen of God—

Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought,

Oh, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills he trod over in grief, are the same—
The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on
his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, & chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Where my spirit but turned from the outward & dim
It could gaze even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men,
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves
of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

...were taught,
...ing was wrong.

...came—
...the same—
...ide still float,
...breathed on

...yet,
...on her feet;
...hath gone,
...ere it shore.

...ode
...of God?
...utward & dim
...of Him!

...es when,
...among men,
...he waves

...er to me!

May

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He co

11th Dec 29. 1860.

There is no
gird it
No station
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Stillst
And the be

Cowper—

Delightful
And teach

Procrastina

May He remain your rich reward,
His presence ever near;
In prosperous hours your heart to guard,
In adverse ones to cheer;
So shall you own, in grateful mood,
He can make all things work for good!

11th Dec. 29. 1860.

There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty
gives it importance;
No station so degrading, but it is ennobled
by obedience. — ^{Supper.}

Stilliest streams oft. water fairest meadows,
And the bird that flutters least, is longest
on the wing.

Cowper —

Delightful task to rear the tender ^{thought} ~~mind~~
And teach the young idea how to shoot.
Thomson.

Procrastination is the thief of time — Young —

The German Watchman's Song —

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the heltry bell:
Ten are the holy commandments given,
To man below — from God in Heaven.

Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch, & God will guard us, —
May He through eternal night,
Give us all a blessed night.

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the heltry bell:
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the Gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Twelve resounds on the heltry bell:
Twelve disciples to Jesus came —
Who suffered rebuke for the Savior's name.
Human watch &c.

Hear
One
One
Who

Hear
Two
Two
Kings

Hear
Three
Three
Fathers

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
One has pealed on the belfry bell;
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who hears us up in time of need.
Human watch &c.

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Two resounds on the belfry bell;
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbors, choose the best for thee.
Human watch &c.

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Three now fall on the belfry bell;
Threesfold reigns the Heavenly Host—
Father, Son, and Heavenly Holy Ghost.
Human watch &c.

The Daughters request.

Dear father thou hast not the tale denied
They say that ere noon tomorrow;
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow;
I would wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing,
When I think of my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet tomorrow I hope to hide my care,
And still my bosom's beating;
And strive to give to thy chosen fair,
A kind and courteous greeting;
She will heed me not in her joyous pride,
Of her pomp, her friends, and beauty:
Ah! little need hath a new made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Dear father, one nuptial gift I pray
Bestow on thy weeping daughter;
Mine eyes are now on the treasure falls,

I cover
It has
Tis the

To me
And
The
Might
And
Sad
For a
Since

If the
That
Of the
And in
Of her
By
Of her
Was

Then
Ere the

I covet and ask no other,
It hath hung for years in our ancient halls,
Tis the portrait of my mother.

To morrow when all is in festal guise,
And the guests the rooms are filling
The calm, meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Night-high soul with grief be filling,
And a gloom o'er thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their owner giving;
For a fleeting twelve-month scarce has passed
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary o'er offend
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond, departed friend,
And its sweet and kind repealings,
Of her mind's commanding force unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech where dazzling intellect
Was softened by christian meekness.

Then father grant at once tonight
O'er the bridal crowd's intrusion

I remove this portrait from thy sight.
To my chamber's still seclusion,
It will nerve me tomorrow's dawn to bear
It will beam on my protection
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt awaken father in pride and gle
To renew the ties once broken
But nought on earth remains to me
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings with unchanging love
To the portrait of her mother.

End,

Copied by Hannah D. Thorne

"Died in this
fever, after an
daughter of C

Elizabeth Starbuck
Nantucket.

Still
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= 1857 =

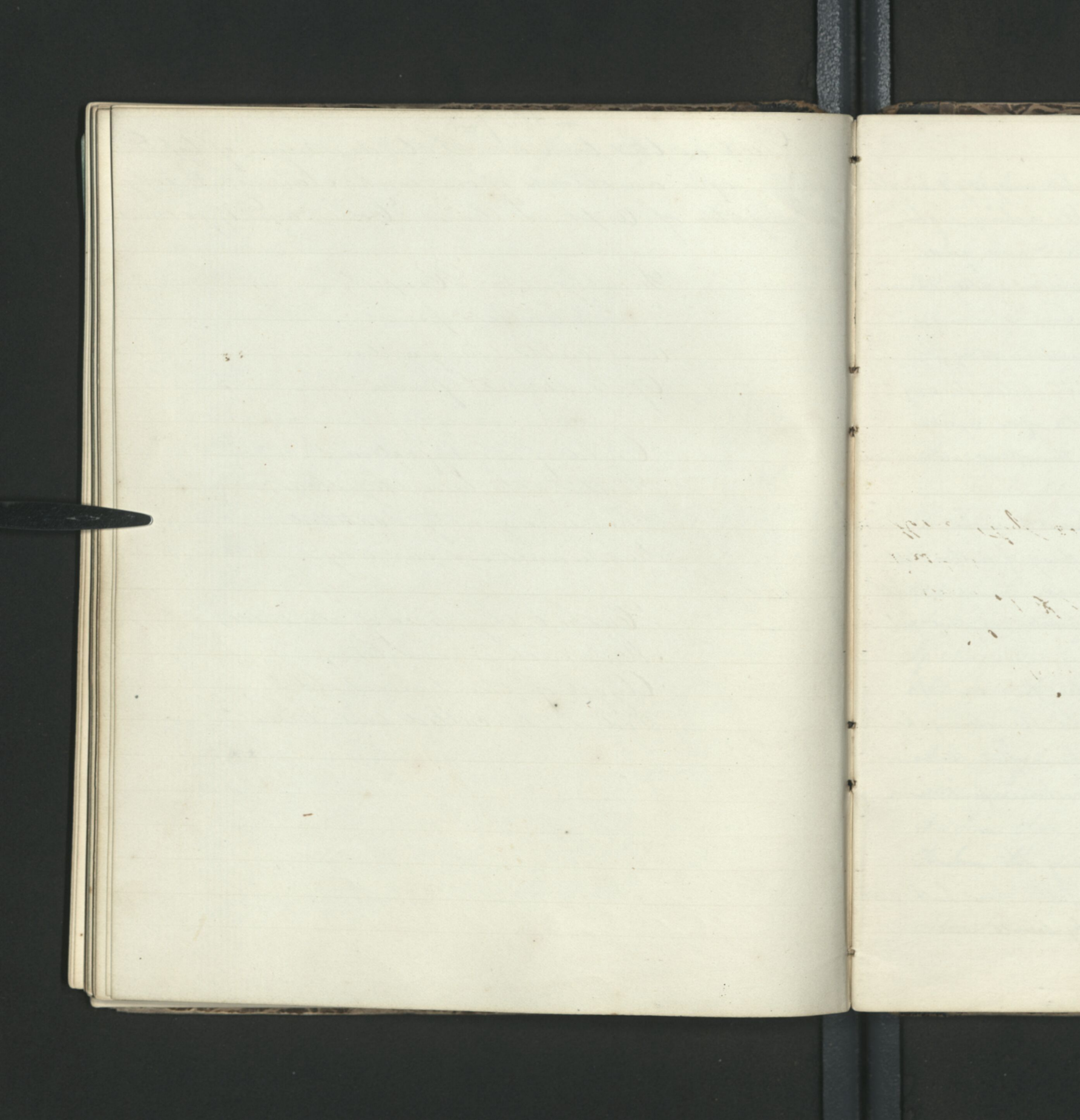
" Died in this town on Saturday morn of typhoid
fever, after an illness of one week, Harriet E. only
daughter of Capt. William Collyer, aged 17 yrs 10 mos.

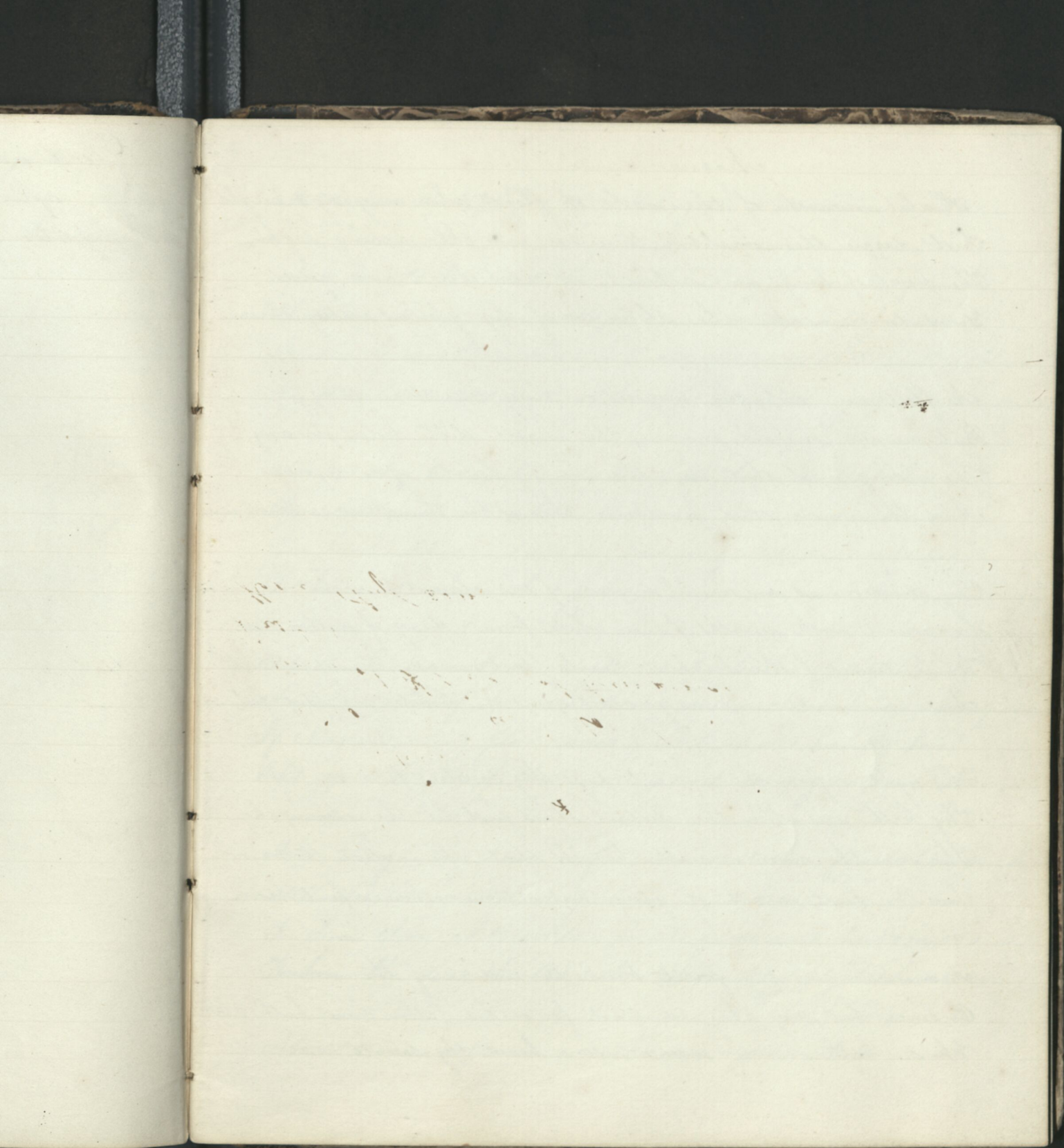
Silently, the Reaper,
With relentless power,
Ever culls the garden
Of its sweetest flower,

Child of our affection!
Short hath been thy stay;
Thou who gently scattered
Thine beams on our way.

Cush'd thy voice of gladness,
Made each joyous tone;
Angel of the household!
God hath called thee home.

Ely. H. Starbuck
Nantucket.





Niagara

Hail! monarch of the world of floods, whose majesty & might
First dazzle, then enrapture, then over awe the aching sight,
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleet can stop thy progress, on army bid thee stay,
But onward, onward, onward, thy march still holds its way.
The rising mist that veils thee as thy herald goes before
And the music that proclaims thee is the thundering cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green of the clearest forest hue
Set round with wreaths of snow white foam & spray of feathery dew
While tresses of the brightest pearls float over thine ample shut:
And the rainbow lays his gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy right is from the ancient days thy scepter from on high
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky
The sun the moon and all the orb that shine upon thee now
Saw the first wreath of glory that entwined thine infant brow.

And whether on thy forest banks the indian of the wood
Or since his day the red man's foe on his father land hath stood
Who ere hath seen thy incense rise or heard thy torrents roar

Must have kne

And from that
From age to age
By day by night
In ceaseless sound

Accept then Oh
From this prime
The humble home
Is thou whose sh

For if the ocean
And the stars of
Of Niagara's roolin
Oh! great Creator

And though th
Still greater is
For him thou
For him the sea

Above around

Must have knelt before the God of all to worship and adore.

And from that hour to this on which I gaze upon thy streams
From age to age in winter's frost and summer's sultry beam
By day by night without a pause thy waves with loud acclaim
In ceaseless sounds hath still proclaimed the great Eternal's name.

Accept then Oh! supremely Great Oh! Infinite Oh! God
From this primal altar this pure and virgin sod
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay.
Is thou whose shield has guarded me in all in all my wandering ^{as}

For if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of thy hand
And the stars of the great firmament in thy balance grains of sand
If Niagara's roiling flood seems great to us who humbly bow
Oh! great Creator of the whole how passing great art thou.

And though thy power is far more vast than finite man can deem
Still greater is thy mercy shown to weak dependant man
For him thou clothest the fertile globe with herb & fruit & seed
For him the seas, the lakes the streams supply his hourly need.

Above around afar or near the universal whole

Proclaims thy glory as the stars in their fixed courses roll
And from creations greatest voice the hymn ascends above
While Heavens reecho back to earth the chorus "God is love".

J. Buckingham.
Medford, N. J.

E. C. S.
Elizabeth C. Stokes.

I saw the young
Bedecked
And the bride
And the groom
And with us
At the same
And she and
By the church
But I saw with
and four
And the
She had ch
And her
But the Hea
And we
And he she
And fa
There had
"I love the

I saw the young
O'er the

happier courses roll
ascend above
ours "God is love".
E. C. S.
th. C. Stokes.

Passing Under the Rod.

By Mrs. Dana.

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flash of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding
and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for the robes of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the shield;
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee! — pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,

Days of the Week.

From the popular traditions.)

The words which designate the days

By which the week is told,
Are monumental to the praise
Of deities of old :

What follows is with simple aim
To demonstrate in rhyme the same.

Sunday, the day that takes the lead
Of all the days that run,

In Scandinavian myth, we read,
Was sacred to the sun;
In his applause the Sun's-day rose,
And from the Sun's-day Sunday flows.

Monday before a goddess bows,
As by the same myths claimed,
In honor of the Sun's fair spouse
This second day was named.
Thus down to us the record hands,
And from the Moon's-day Monday stands.

Tuesday, the fourth and sixth days alike,
From Teuton mold appears;
In Ziewes, the god of war, we strike
The imprint this name bears;
To him this day was homage due,
And out of Ziewes'-day Tuesday grew.

Wednesday commemorates the god
Of Northern Europe's gods ;
Before the great all-Father's rod
Must yield all other rods ;
Woden, his name, through whose renown,
From Woden's-day comes Wednesday down

Thursday, to Sweden's Thor we trace;—
The German Donar loud ;
This son of Woden has his place
Behind the thunder cloud ;
This was his day, the days among,
And from Thor's-day has Thursday sprung.

Friday, her frame perpetuates
Who made Love's courses good,
And Fria, ancient myth relates,
Chief wife to Woden stood ;
This day immortalized her worth,
And Fria's-day brought Friday forth.

With Saturday the schedule ends,
A word of Latins coined,
From Italy this names descends,
With Saturn-worship joined ;
He made the sowers' toils repay,
And Saturn's-day gave Saturday.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Cause and result are
No house in the
for absolutely reliable
gives such attention to
Clothing sure to give go

We know the Clot
No other store so frankly

There are no trifle
Two or three dollars sha
make the difference be
Clothing.

They think—who
never find out. But yo
wear it awhile. Then,
show.

We pay for the go
seek your confidence as
To make our prices

You never saw rea
goods this Fall—Overc
Boys.'

The leadership in
corner, as ever, in better
Reliable All-Wool
Solid, Substantial C
Trousers from
Dress Suits from

Wanamak

OAK HALL,

And she kissed the soft lips, as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told:
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, he had placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear-cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
And they saw the proud place he had won;
And the last-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,

And the whole
But I saw when
Where their
And the star had
And the joy
But the Healer
And he led
And he showed
'Twas their
They had each
God,
"I love thee, I love

And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the graves,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosom had fled;
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world's
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their
God,

"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!"

Lizzie H. Middleton
Crosswicks.
N. J.

Pipes of Lucknow —

Pipes of the misty moorland,
Voices of the glen and hill,
The drone of highland torrent,
The song of lowland rill;
Not the braes of broom & heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower
Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear:
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch,
O'er mountain, loch and glade,
But the sweetest of all music,
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day, the Indian tiger,
Loudly yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.

"Pray for,
Pray
Tomorrow
And

Oh! they
Till to
And the
Killed
Then up
With

"Dinna ye
The p

Hushed
Hush
Alone they
And
But to
The

"Dinna ye
Will

Like the

"Pray for rescue, wives & mothers
Pray to-day" - the soldier said,
"Tomorrow death's between us,
And the wrongs and shame we dread."

Oh! they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer;
Then upspeaks a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground,
"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes of Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones,
None they heard the drum roll,
And the roar of Sproy guns;
But to sounds of home & childhood,
The Highland ear was true, -
"Dinna ye hear it? 'tis the slogan,
Will ye no believe it no?"

Like the march of soundless music

Though the vision of the sea, -
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear;
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call,
"Hark! hear ye no Mac Gregor's,
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh! they listened, dumb & breathless,
And they caught the sound at last,
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper's blast, -
Then a burst of wild thanks giving
Mingled woman's voice and man's,
"God be praised! the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fiercer as vengeance,
Sharp & shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild Mac Gregor's clan-call
Hinging all the air to life,
But when the far off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithely

The p
Round the
Round
Breathed
The
O'er the
Rose,
And the
As the
Dear to
And
To the
The
Sweet
O'er
But the
The

1 mo. 26. 1862.

⁴²
The pipes of rescue blow.

Round the silver dome of Lucknow
Round red Dowlat's golden shrine,
Breathed the air to Britains dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drum,
Rose that sweet & homelike strain,
And the Tartan clove the turban
As the Goornie clears the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch,
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

1 mo. 26. 1862.

J.G.W.

Lying Dead =

Two bright eyes,
That first were blue,
Lidded o'er
Will never look thro'!

Two small hands,
A crossing her breast,
Seem to say,
With sadness, "at rest."

Dainty feet
Snowy white
Trailing hair
Like midnight!

Pale thin lips,
Curves of ice
Buds of pearls,
White & nice.

Lilies pure
In her palms!
Pure the heart
Heath the arms!

Cypress lone
Leans its head;
Soon o'er her
Lying dead!

Extracts from
THE COLLEGE
LEGEND. A. M. D.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, & gather & gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence,
To the solemn titany.
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chaunts alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising,
The ghostly choirs respond.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver.

My
I beseech
Guide me
That he
Watching
With my

Interced
With the
Hounds
For all
Thou he
Scourged
And in

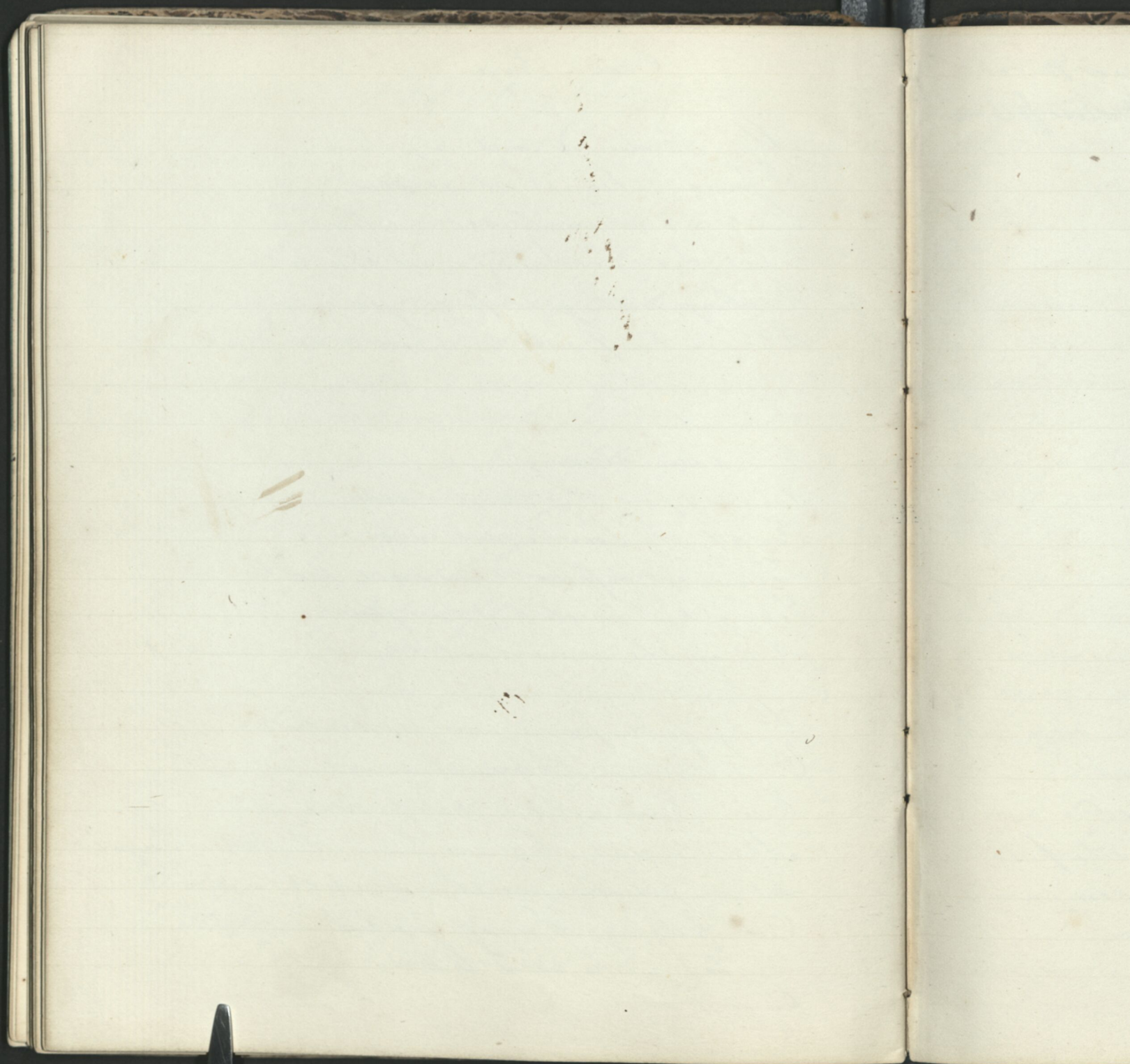
If my
O my
Even a
Now
Let me
Die if
Life to
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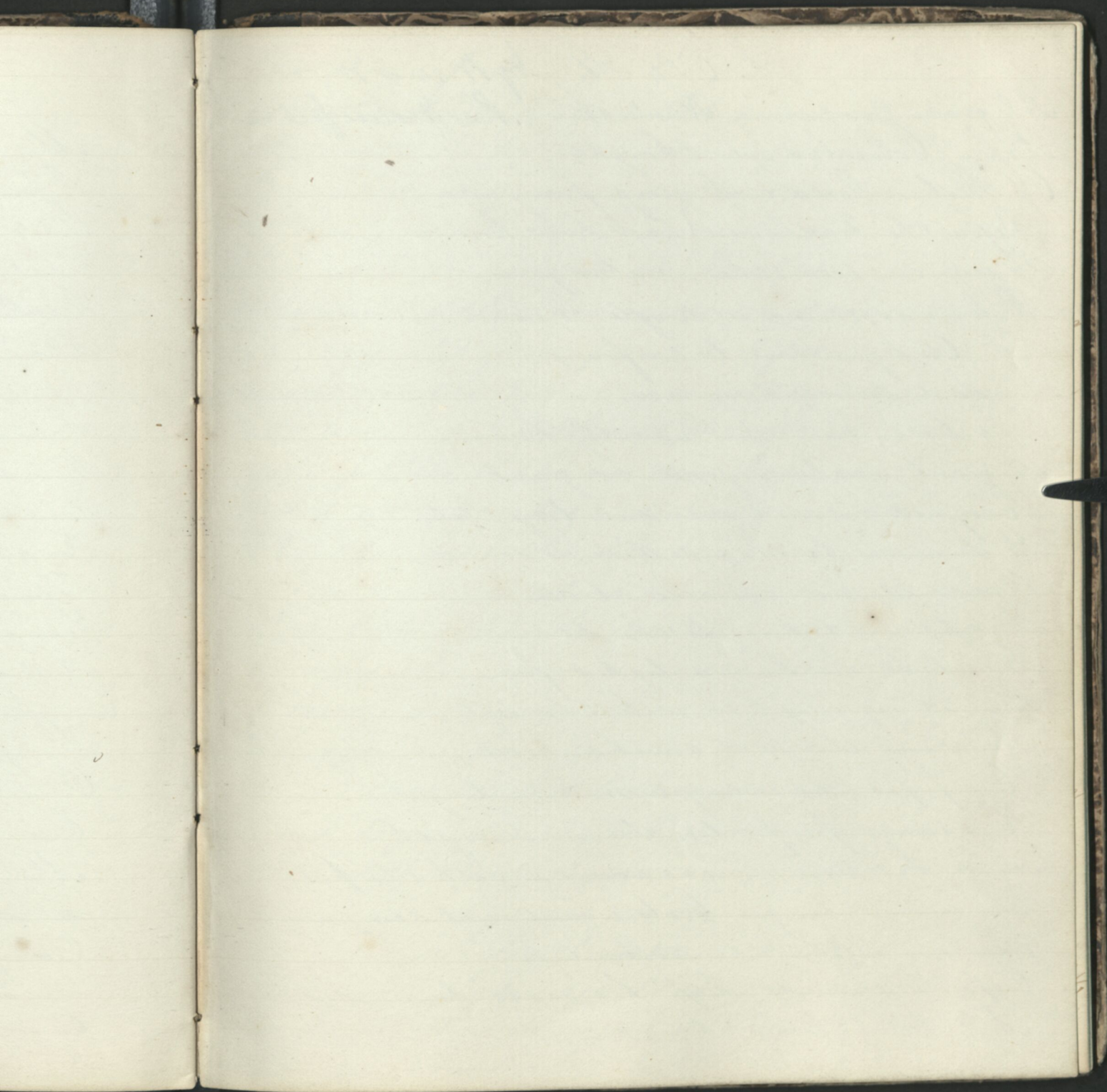
Elie's Prayer

My Redeemer and my Lord;
I beseech thee, I trust in thee,
Guide me in each act & word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed & burning!

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hand & side,
For all who have lived & died,
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, & mocked, & crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
Now sincerely let me follow where thou leadest
Let me, bleeding as thou bleddest,
Die if dying I may give life
Life to one who asks to live,
And more than
Dying, that resemble thee.





An Old Story by Maria Mitchell
A legend concerning Nanuetu, the first of the
Before Columbus ever thought
Of Western World with glory fraught;
Before the Northmen had been known
To wander from their native zone,
Before was raised a single mound
The Antiquarian to confound,
Indeed, so very long ago,
The time, one can't exactly know.
A giant sachem good as great,
Reigned in and over our Bay State.
So huge was he, his realm so small,
He could not exercise at all
Except by taking to the sea
(For which he had a ticket free
Granted by Neptune, with the seal,
A salient clam & couchant eel.)
His pipes was as many a mile in length
His lungs proportionable in strength;
And his rich meccasins - with the pair
The seven-league boots, would not compare.
Whenever siestas he would take,
Cape Cod must help his couch to make
And, being lowly, it was meet

He should
Well, one
A mont
He waked
Strolled for
But while
The sand
At every
I was now
At length
The pub
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He thur
Then in
Two little
One as
The other
At ease
Which le
And turn
The chill
All judgin
Had never
Or having
And join

Mitchell
stone place.

He should prefer it for his feet.
Well, one day after quite a doze,
A month or two in length, suppose,
He waked, and as he'd often done,
Strolled forth to see the mid day sun.
But while unconsciously he slept,
The sand within his moccasins crept;
At every step some pain he'd feel,
'Twas now the toe, now near the heel;
At length his sachemship grew cross.
The pebbles to the sea he'd toss.
And with a moccasin in each hand
He threw on either side the sand;
Then in an instant, there appear
Two little isles the Sachem near.
One as the Vineyard, now is known,
The other we may call our own.
At ease he freely breathed awhile
Which sent the fogs to bless our isle;
And turning east with quickened motion,
The chill bleak winds came o'er the ocean.

All judging Sachem! would that you
Had never shaken here that shoe;
Or having done so, would again,
And join Nantucket to the main.

Wm. Santucket Nov.
M.M.

SEEKING

"And where, and among what pleasant
places,

Have ye been, that ye come again
With your laps so full of flowers, & your faces
"Like buds blown fresh after rain?"

"We have been" said the children speaking
In their gladness, as the birds chime,
All together, — "we have been seeking

For the Fairies of golden time,
For we thought, they are only hidden, —

They would never surely go
From this green earth all unbidden,

And the children that love them so,
Though they come not around us leaping,

As they did when they and the world
Were young, we shall find them sleeping
Within some broad leaf curled;

For the lily its white doors closes

But only over the bee,
And we looked through the summer roses,
Leaf by leaf, so carefully;

But we thought, rolled up we shall find ^{them},
Among mosses old and dry;
From gossamer threads that bind them,
They will start like the butterfly.
All winged: so we went forth seeking,
Yet still they have kept unseen;
Though we think our feet have been keeping
The track where they have been,
For we saw where their dance went flying
O'er the pastures, — snowy white
Their seats and their tables lying,
O'erthrown in their sudden flight.
And they too have had their losses,
For we found the goblets white
And red in the old-spiked mosses
That they drank from over night;
And in the pale horn of the woodbine
Was some left, clear and bright;
But we found "said the children, speaking
More quickly, "so many things,
That we soon forgot we were seeking. —
Forgot all the Fairy rings
Forgot all the stories olden
That we hear round the fire at night,

Of their gifts, and their favors golden, —
The sunshine was so bright;
And the flowers — we found so many
That it almost made us grieve
To think there were some, sweet as any,
That we were forced to leave;
As we left, by the brook-side lying,
The balls of drifted foam,
And brought (after all our trying)
These Guilder-roses home."

"Then, oh!" I heard one speaking
Beside me soft and low,
"I have been, like the blessed children, sucking,
Still sucking to and fro;
Yet not like them, for the Fairies, —
They might pass unmourned away,
For me, that had looked on angels —
On angels that would not stay;
No! not though in haste before them
I spread all my heart's best cheer,
And made love my banner o'er them,
If it might but keep them here;
They staid but awhile to rest them;

Long, long
From my feet
The radiance
And their
And still
Hath my
That was
No; I'm
When
That were
So long
That thro'
Have to
Should for
For me
But my
I found
I saw the
They a
"Yet sucking
Like the
A queer don
When for

Long, long before its close,
From my feast, though I mourned & grieved them,
The radiant guests arose;
And their flitting wings struck sadness
And silence; never more
Hath my soul won back the gladness,
That was its own before.
No, I mourned not for the Fairies
When I had seen hopes decay,
That were sweet unto my spirit
So long; I said, 'If they
That through shade and sunny weather
Have twined about my heart,
Should fade, we must go together,
For we can never part!'
But my care was not availing
I found their sweetness gone;
I saw their bright tints paling;—
They died; yet I lived on.

"Yet sucking, ever sucking
Like the children, I have won
A quiver down all undreamt of
When first my quest began,

And my thoughts come back like wanderers,
Out-wearied, to my breast;
What they sought for long, they found not,
Yet was the Unsought best,
For I sought not out for crosses,
I did not seek for pain;
Yet I find the heart's sore losses,
Were the spirit's surest gain."

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'S I M I L A S I M I L I P U S.'

"
There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise:
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might & main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them ⁱⁿ again!"

Old Dr. Hahnemann read the tale,
(And he was wondrous wise,)
Of the man who, in the bramble-bush,
Had scratched out both his eyes.
And the fancy tickled mightily
His misty German brain,
That by jumping in another bush,
He got them back again.

So he called it "home-hop-athy"
And soon it came about,
That a curious crowd among the choirsⁿ
Was hopping in and out.

Yet, disguise it by the longest name,
They may, it is no use;
For the world knows the discovery
Was made by Mother Goose!

And not alone in medicine
Doth the theory hold good:
In Life and in Philosophy,
The maxim still hath stood:
A morsel more of anything, ~~where~~ ^{and}
When one has got enough,
And Nature's energy disowns
The whole unkindly stuff.

A second negative affirms;
And two magnetic poles
Of charge identical, repel,—
As sameness sunders souls.

{ Touched with a first, fresh suffering,
All solace is despised;
But gathered sorrows grow serene,
And grief is neutralized.

And he who, in the world's milie,
Hath chanced the worse to catch,
May mind the matter, if he come
Back, boldly, to the scratch;
Minding the lesson he received
In boyhood, from his mother,
Whose chiding word, for many a bump,
Was, "Up, and take another!"

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP!

"Baa, baa, black sheep!"

Have you any wool?

Yes sir, — no sir —

Three bags full.

One for my master,

One for my dame,

And one for the little boy

That lives in the lane.

'Tis the same question as of old;
And still the doubter saith,
"Can any good be made to come
From out of Nazareth?"

No sheep so black in all the flock, -
No human heart so bare, -
But hath some warm & generous stock.
Of kindness to share.

It may be treasured secretly
For dear ones at the hearth;
Or be bestowed by stealth along
The by-ways of the earth; -

And though no searching eyes ^{see} may
Nor busy tongue may tell,
Perchance, where largest love is laid,
The Master knoweth well!

Going To Dover.
"Leg over leg
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over."

Perhap
But
That
How
With
Leg
And
Still
Quiet
And
At
So
Till
And

And
Dot
Step
Each
So
When
The
By

Perhaps you wouldn't see it here,
But, to my fancy, 'tis quite clear
That Master Goose just meant to show
How the dog Patience ^{on} doth go:
With steadfast nuzzle, pointing low, -
Leg over leg, however slow, -
And laboured breath, but naught com-^{plaining,}
Still at each footstep somewhat gaining,
Quietly plodding, mile on mile,
And gathering for a nervous bound
At every interposing stile, -
So traversing the tedious ground,
Till all, at length, he measures over,
And winks, a victor, into Dover.

And, verily, no other way
Doth human progress win the day;
Step after step, - and o'er and o'er, -
Each seeming like the one before,
So that 'tis only once awhile, -
When sudden Genius springs the stile
That marks a section of the plain,
Beyond whose bounds fresh fields again

Thir in dining statch untrodden sweep, -
The world looks round to see the leap.
Pale Science, in her laboratory,
Works on with crucible and wire
Unnoticed, till an instant glow
Crowns some high issue, as with fire,
And, mind with wondering eyes aside,
Gauges great Invention's giant stride.

No age, no race, no single soul,
By lofty tumbling gains the goal.
The steady pace it keeps between, -
The little points it makes unseen, -
By these, achieved in gathering night,
It moveth on, and out of sight,
And aims, through all that's overpast,
The city of its hopes at last."

"Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine."

H. H. White -

sweep, -
leap.

glory
with fire,
stride.

goal.
between, -
unseen, -
night,
past,
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that pant
ant:
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ine."

Patience.

To cheer, to help us, Children of the dust!
More than one angel has Our Father given,
But one alone is faithful to her trust
The best, the brightest exile out of heaven

Her ways are not the ways of pleasantness,
Her paths are not the lightsome paths of joy,
She dwells with wrongs that cannot find redress,
She dwells in mansions time and death destroy.

She waits until her stern Precursor, Care
Has lodged on foreheads open as the morn,
To plough his deep besieging trenches there,
The signs of struggle, which the heart has known.

But when the first cloud darkens our sky,
And face to face with life we stand alone,
Silent and swift, behold she draweth nigh,
And mutely makes our sufferings her own

When with its bitterness, the heart runs o'er,
No words the sweetness of those lips decide,
But when the eye looks up for life once more,
She turns the cloud and shows the golden side.

Unto rebel
To question
She points
What see

To the vain
No answer
Her face lo
And we

She doth s
The grief
But in th
Revives th

Daughter g
Who makes
Such light
How must

How fair th
Where sin
Where on th
And on t
Bayard Taylor.

Unto rebellious souls, that mad with fate,
To question God's eternal justice dare,
She points above with looks that whisper, wait,
What seems confusion here is wisdom there.

To the vain challenges of doubt we stand,
No answering ^{comfort} question doth she minister,
Her face looks ever forward to the end,
And we who know it not are led by her.

She doth not chide, nor in reproachful guise,
The griefs we cherish, rudely thrust apart,
But in the light of her immortal eyes,
Revives the manly courage of the heart.

Daughter of God! who walkest with us here,
Who makest our every tribulation shine,
Such light has thou in earth's dim atmosphere,
How must thy home in heaven exalted shine.

How fair thy presence by those living streams,
Where sin and sorrow from their suffering cease,
Where on the head the crown of Amaranth gleams,
And on thy head the golden key of peace.

Bayard Taylor

(L.S.C.)

Extracted
Mother from Good
for
Old Folks—

— THE BIG SHOE —

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do:
To some she gave broth,
And to some she gave bread,
And some she whipped soundly,
And sent them to bed."

Do you find out the likeness?
A portly old dame, —
The mother of millions, —
Britannia by name:
And — howe'er it may strike you
In reading the song —
Not stinted in space
For bestowing the throng;
Since the sun can himself
Hardly manage to go,
In a day & a night,
From the heel to the toe.

On the arch of the mast,
 She builds up her throne,
 And with seas rolling under,
 She sits there alone;
 With her heel at the foot
 Of the Himalahs planted,
 And her toe at the icebergs,
 Unchilled & undaunted.

Yet though justly of all
 Her fine family proud,
 'Tis no light undertaking
 To rule such a crowd;
 Nor to mention the trouble
 Of seeing them fed,
 And dispensing with justice
 The broth and the bread.
 Some will seize upon one, —
 Some are left with the other, —
 And so the whole household
 Gets into a pothec.
 But the rigid old dame
 Has a summary way
 Of her own, when she finds
 There's mischief to pay.

She just takes up the rod,
As she lays down the spoon,
And makes their rebellious backs
Tingle right soon:
Then she bids them, while yet
The sore smarting they feel,
To lie down, & go to sleep,
Under her heel!

Only once was she fooled
When the little boy Sam,
Who had always before been
Deer as meek as a lamb,
Refused to take tea,
As his mother had bid,
And returned saucy answers,
Because he was chid.

Not content even then,
He cut loose from the throne,
And set about making
A shoe of his own;
Which succeeded so well,
And was filled up so fast,

That
Con
Look
W
That
W
Side
Side
And
M

That the world, in amazement,
Confessed, at the last, -
Looking on at the work
With a gasp and a stare, -
That 'twas hard to tell which
Would be best of the pair?

Side by side they are standing
Together to-day;
Side by side may they keep
Their strong foothold for aye:
And beneath the broad lid,
Whose blue depths intervene,
May the finishing string
Lie unbroken between!

- 1865 -

The Bridge of Sighs. ~ Thos. Hood ~

"Drowned, Drowned" - Hamlet.

One more unfortunate,
"Navy of breath,"
Rashly importunate,
Lone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly -
Young & so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly -
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and untidily,
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers -
One of Eve's family -
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Cozing so clannily.

Loose up her tie
Escaped from
Her fair and
Whilst wonder
Where was her

Who was her
Who was her
Had she a
Had she a
Or was there
Still, and
Yet, than a

Alas! for
Of Christian
Under the
O! it was
Near a whole
Home she

Sisterly, be
Fatherly, m
Feelings ha

Loose up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—

Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window & casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement
Houseless by night.

The black wind of March
Made her tremble & shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river,
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hushed—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly -
No matter how coldly -
The rough lived, ran -
O'er the brink of it!
Picture it - think of it!
Dissolute man!
Save in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly -
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly -
Young, and so fair?

Ere her limbs, feebly,
Stiffer too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth & compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Deadfully staring,
Through muddy impurity,
As when, with the dawning

Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Pushing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity
Pursuing insanity
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Curving her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving pitch muckness,
Her sins, to her Saviour?

2/12/65

Hoe out your Row.

One lazy day, a farmer's boy,
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long,
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe,
But the farmer shouted in his ear:
'Hoe out your row! Oh
Hoe out your row'

Although a "hard-row" was the row,
To use a farmer's phrase,
And the land as sailors have it,
Beginning well "to haze"
"I can!" said he, and manfully,
He seized again his hoe.
And the farmer smiled to see the boy
Hoe out his row. Oh
Hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered long,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end,
At last will surely tell.
Take courage, man! Resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow,
In life's great field of varied toil
Hoe out your row, Oh
Hoe out your row.

"The annoyances ^{of which} we (~~waterfights~~) so often com-
plain, result almost wholly from our own fault.
We fail to "hoe out our rows". We enter the
field in the morning with high anticipations,
looking complacently upon the promising crop
vigorously shooting up, and determined that
active exertions shall keep the rows straight &
exclude every weed. We put off our coats, all
obstacles are overcome by our energy, which
supplies even the want of skill. But as noon
approaches, our efforts slacken, we "listen for
the dinner horn". We begin to regard ^{main}
the salary rather than the work - (Not always)
Day after day, we leave unfinished rows:

The weeds
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ished rows
inactivity
yet failed
formed
the misde
zeal, - ho
hond out o
American
9^{mo} 16. 186

The vuds grow apace. At last with imple-
ment over the shoulder - and coat upon the
arm, with weary steps we quit the field.
So that when at length the crop is gathered
the regularity & abundance of fruit in the fin-
ished rows mortify us, and condemn our
inactivity, when with superior skill we have
yet failed to secure the entire crop. - The half-
formed characters; the unbalanced minds;
the misdirected energies and the misguided
zeal, - how they condemn us, for not having
hoed out our rows! - May this not be my experience.
American Educational Monthly.

9^{mo} 16. 1865

A London Idyl.

By
Robert Buchanan

Hey, rain, rain, rain!

It patters down the glass and on the sill,
And splashes underneath, along the lane—

Then gives a kind of scream, & lies quite still:
One likes to hear it, tho' when one is ill:

Rain, rain, rain, rain!—

Hey, how it pours and pounds!

Rain, rain, rain, rain!—

A weary day for poor girls out o' doors.

Ah, don't! that kind of makes me cry,
And, Parson, since I'm bad, I want to die.

The roaring of the street,

The tramp, tramp, tramp of feet,
The sobbing—sobbing of the weary Rain,
Have gone into the aching of my brain.

I'm lost and weak, and can no longer bear
To wander like a shadow here and there—

As useless as a stone—tired out & sick!

So that they put me down to slumber quick,
It does not matter where.

No one

And

Time

Put folk

'Is bad

See,

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No one will miss me; all will hurry by,
And never cast a thought on one so low;
Fine gentles miss fine ladies when they go,
But folk care naught for such a thing as I.

'Tis bad, I know, to talk like that - too bad!

Yes, the 'his often hard is strong and true,
(Ah! 'I meant well!') and there's the Baby too! -
But I'm so tired and bad.

I'm glad it was a boy, sir, very glad.
A man can fight along, can say his say,
Is not looked down upon, holds up his ^{head},
And at a push can always earn his ^{bread}.
Men have the best of it, in many a way,
But ah! 'tis hard for girls to keep

Decent and honest, tramping in the ^{town},
Their best but bad - made light of -
Forever wearying, wearying, for sleep ^{beaten down}.
If they grow hard, go wrong, from bad to ^{badder},
Why Parson dear, they're happier ^{blind} being
They get no thanks for being good & kind -
The better that they are, they feel the sadder.

Ninety! Ninety!

Only ninety, & yet so old, so old! —
I feel like fifty Parson — I have been
So wicked I suppose, & life's so cold!

Ah! cruel are the wind & rain & snow,

And I've been out for years among them all:
I scarce remember being weak and small
Like baby then — it was so long ago.

It does not seem that I was born, but woke

One day in a dark room

High up among the smoke,
And tumbled at the roaring of the gloom
That hung around me, (for you could not see

The people from our window — only stone —
Deep walls, black pits, & lanes, the 'dear old
You heard the dup struts groan;)

And I was all alone, and looking out,

And listening in a dream;

And far between the housetops was a gleam
Of water, winding silver-like about.

That was the River. It looked cool & deep,
And as I watched, I felt it slipping past,
As if it smoothly swept along in sleep,
Gleaming & gliding fast;

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And so I leaned upon the sill and hearkened
To the strange hum, while all the roofs became
Covered with thin, sick flame,
And with a dusky thrill, the River darkened;
Till coldly, coldly, on the roofs there lightened
A pale, sad, silver light from heaven shed,
And with a sweep that made me sick & frightened
The yellow Moon rolled up above my head;
And down below me groaned the noise of trade,
And O! I felt alive, and was afraid,
And cold and hungry, shrieking out for bread.

r

All that is like a dream! It don't seem true! —
Father was dead, and mother left, you see,
To work for little brother Ned and me,
And up among the roofs, we grew & grew,
Locked in whole days high up, while mother chased
In people's houses; only now and then
We slipped away into the streets, and stared
At the big crowds of women and of men.
And I was sick, but Ned was only thin,
And thin, and weak and weary; & one day
While mother was away
He put his little head upon my knee,

And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,
But looked quite strange and old,
For when I touched him, shook him, spoke to him,
He smiled and grew so cold;
Then I was frightened and cried out, and none
Could hear me, and I sat and nursed his head,
Watching the smoky window, while the Sun
Peeped in upon his face and made it red;
And I began to cry; - till mother came,
Cruelt down and screamed, & named the good God's name,
And told me he was dead.
Well, when she put his night-gown on, and wrapping
Put him among the rags upon his bed,
I thought that brother Ned was only sleeping,
And took his little hand and felt no fear;
But, when the place grew gray & cold and dead,
And the round Moor came creeping, creeping, creeping,
Over the roof and put a silow shade,
All round the cold, cold bed where he was laid,
I sobbed and was afraid.

11.

Ah, yes it's like a dream! - for time passed by,
And I went out into the smoky air,
Fruit-selling Parson - treading wet or dry -

Winter and
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Winter and summer - weary, cold and bare;
And when old mother laid her down to die,
And parish buried her, I did not cry,
And hardly seemed to care;

I was too hungry and too dull; beside,

The road's struts had made me dry as dust -
It took me all my time, how I could find,

To keep my limbs alive and earn a crust,
I had no time for weeping,

And when I was not out amid the road,

Or, standing frozen at the playhouse door,
Why, I was coiled upon my straw, and sleeping,
Ah, pence was hard to gain!

Some girls were pretty, too, but I was plain:

Five ladies never stopped & looked & smiled,

And gave me money for my face's sake.

That made me hard and angry when a child,

But now it thills my heart & makes it ache!

The pretty ones, poor things, what could they do,

Fighting and starving in the wicked town,

But go from bad to badder, - down, down, down -

Being so poor, and yet so pretty too?

Never, could, hear, the like of that - ah me!

Better have starved in sight than gone so low!

For often late at night—

A face that I had known when mild & meek
Passed by with fearful smile and painted cheek,
Steamed in the gas, and faded out of sight.

VII

But I've no call to boast. I might have been
As wicked, Pardon dead, in my distress,
But for your friend — you know the one I mean? —

The tall pale lady in the mourning dress.

She's no more cold at first, that wore away —

She was so mild and young,

And had so soft a tongue,

And eyes to sweeten what she loved to say.

She now seemed to scorn me, no, not she,

And (what was best) she seemed as sad as me!

Not one of those that make a girl feel base,

And call her names & talk of her disgrace,

And frighten one with thoughts of flaming Hell

And frown Lord God with black and angry brow,

But soft and mild, & sensible as well,

And O I loved her and I loved her now.

She did me good for many and many a day

Now good that she could ever do, I swear,

For she was poor with little pence to spare. —

For she was poor

Learned me to

And Pardon

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For she was poor

Learned me to read & quit low words and pray.
And Parson thought I never understood
How such a life as mine was meant for good,

And could not understand

How one she said was wicked, ever could

Go to your better land

Among a troop so grand,

I liked to hear her talk of such a place,

And thought of all the angels she was best.

Because her soft voice soothed me, and her face

Made my words gentle, put my heart at rest.

VIII

Ah! sir, 'twas very lonesome. Night and day;

Save when the sweet Miss came. I was alone;

Moved on and hunted thro' the streets of stone

And was in dreams afraid to rest or stay.

Then other girls had lads to work & strive for,

I envied them and did not know 'twas wrong,

And often, very often used to long

For some one I could live and keep alive for.

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x

Ah! don't - 'tis kindly, but it pains me so!
You say I'm wicked, and I want to go!
"God's Kingdom," Parson dear? Ah, nay, ah nay!
That must be like the country - which I fear:
I saw the country once, one summer day,
And I would rather die in London here.

x1

For I was sick of hunger, cold and strife,
And took a sudden fancy in my head
To try the country, and to earn my bread
Out among fields, where, I had heard, one's life
Was easier and brighter. So, that day,
I took my basket up and stole away,
Early at morning. As I went along,
Shrinking and loth to leave the busy place,
I felt that I was doing something wrong,
And feared to look policemen in the face.
And all was dim; the streets were gray & wet.
After a rainy night: and all was still;
I held my shawl around me with a chill
And dropt my eyes from every face I met;
Until the streets began to fade, the road
Grew fresh and clean and wide,
Fine houses where the gentlefolk abode,

And gardens full of flowers, on every side:
That made me walk the quicker-on-on-on-

As if I were asleep with half-shut-eyes,
And all at once I saw to my surprise
The houses of the gentlefolk were gone,
And I was standing still,

Shading my face upon a high green hill,

And the bright sun was blazing,
And all the blue above me seemed to melt
To burning flashing gold, while I was gazing
On the great smoky cloud where I had dwelt!

XII

I'll ne'er forget that day. All was so bright
And strange. Upon the grass around my feet
The rain had hung a million drops of light;
The air, too, was so clear and warm and sweet—
It seemed a sin to breathe it. All around
Were hill and fields and trees that trembled thro'
A burning, blazing fire of gold and blue,
And there was not a sound,

Save a bird singing, singing, and a kind
Of sighing from the grass upon the ground.
I turned away, like one grown deaf and blind.
Then, with my heavy hand upon my chest,

Because the
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Because the bright air pained me, trembling, sighing,
I stole into a dewy field to rest,

And O! the green green grass where I was lying
Was fresh and living - and the bird sang loud,
Out of a golden cloud -

And I was looking up at him and crying!

XIII

The hours they slipped away; and by-and-by
The sun grew red, big shadows filled the sky.

The air grew damp with dew.

And the dark night was coming down, I knew
Well, I was more afraid than ever then,

And felt that I should die in such a place; -

So back to London town I turned my face,

And crept into the great black streets again;

And when I breathed the smoke and heard the roar,

Why, I was better, for in London here

My heart was busy, and I felt no fear.

I never saw the country any more.

And I have stay'd in London well or ill,

I dared not stay yonder if I could,

For one feels dead; and all looks pure and good -

I could not bear a life so bright and still.

All that I want is sleep,

Under the flags and stones, so deep, so deep!
God won't be hard on one so mean, but he
Perhaps will let a tired girl slumber sound
There in deep cool darkness underground;
And I shall waken up in time, may be,
Better & stronger, not afraid to see
The great still Light that folds Him round and round!

XIV.

See! there's a bit of sunshine thro' the pane -
How cool and moist it looks amid the rain!
I like to hear the splashing of the drops
On the house tops,
And the loud humming of the folk that go
Along the streets below!
I like the smoke and roar - I am so bad -
They make a low one hard and still her cares.
There's Joe! I hear his foot upon the stairs! -
He must be wet, poor lad!
He will be angry, like enough, to find
Another little life to clothe and keep,
But show him baby, Parson - speak him kind -
And tell him Doctor thinks I'm going to sleep.
A hard hard life is his - he need be strong
And rough to earn his bread and get along; -

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I think he will be sorry when I go,
And leave the little one and him behind.
I hope he'll see another to his mind
To keep him straight and tidy. Poor old Joe!
— Little's Living Age —

In Memory of Jane Moon who died 12mo 28, 1870.
Can it be thine gone forever?
Shall we never see thee more?
Hast thou crossed the chilling river
Landed safe in Canaan's shore?

Sad it seems thou shouldst be summoned
To the unknown realms above;
Ere we gave one word of parting
Or one token of our love.

Ah! We trust it was in mercy
That our Father called thee home;
And we feel that thou art happy
Where no sorrows ever come.

Yet we miss thee: sadly miss thee
When we gather round the hearth:
Where we speak with eyes o'erflowing
Of thy usefulness and worth.

For thy heart was ever ready,
To respond to sufferings call;
Ever nobly self forgetful,
Doing kindness for all.

In our quiet house of worship
Who is there, thy place to fill?
Ah! we cannot see the wherefore
Of our Heavenly Father's will.

Why he should fore-close thy mission
When there seemed so much to do;
While the fields were white to harvest
And the laborers were so few.

Yet His ways we may not question
Nor His unknown motives tell;
But He gives us this assurance
That he doeth all things well.

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1 mo. 1870.

Where the wicked cease from troubling
Where the toil-worn are at rest
Thou art resting from thy labors
In the mansions of the blest.

And we know, for God hath told us
All is calm and happy there:
Where there never comes a sorrow,
Never enters pain or care.

May our Father guide thy children
Cheer thy lovely husband's way:
Fit them all, in time, to meet thee
In the realms of endless day.

Teach us all to yield our treasures,
Unto Him in simple trust;
Knowing, He alone can keep them
From corrupting moth and rust.

1 mo. 1870.

M. A. E.

On the death of Lydia H. Albertson. Aged 8 years 22 days -

Impromptu to my Cousin J. H. A. on the death of
her Sister.

Oh! my cousin do not sorrow
That thy sister's gone before
To that bright and happy country
Where afflictions are no more.

Doubtless it was all in mercy
That her days were few below;
Doubtless our kind Heavenly Father
For some good hath dealt the blow.

For she was an earthly idol
And your hearts had fondly turned
Round that little form more closely
Than the Giver had designed.

When the solemn tidings reached me
That the precious gem was gone
From the bright and lovely casket
We so loved to gaze upon;

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That the hand of death had carried
In so short a time away
From the arms of those who loved her
To the realms of endless day:

Oh! we thought how great and frequent
Are the warnings kindly given
To renounce delusive pleasures
And prepare our souls for Heaven.

x x x x x x x x

Then my cousin, may this lead us
To a closer walk with God:
May we humbly bow before Him
And with meekness kiss the rod;

Which has smitten but in kindness
And in love hath dealt the blow
That it may allure to Heaven
Where the living waters flow.

Oh! will't not delightful be
All to meet in realms above
And unite in singing praises
To the glorious God of love:

Who hath called us and redeemed us
Through the precious blood of ~~him~~
Who would fain save all his children
From the galling chains of sin.

1853 - Chester Co

Marianna

Divine Ode - Addison -

Originally Published in the Spectator
The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unvaried sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What thought in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What thought, nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

"No Cross, No Crown"

by Sarah Jane Gorham.

"These are they, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

O, Christian traveller, who weak and weary,
Dost almost faint beneath God's chastening ^{hand,}
Be not dismayed, because the way seems dreary
For thus He fits thee for the promised land.

Jesus, thy holy and thy blessed Redeemer,
Trod the same path, the 'thou' beloved Son,
He took upon him, thy weak human nature,
And learned thro' suffering to say, "Thy will be done."

And now he reigns in everlasting glory,
Such as he had before the world began.
Yet suffers still within the hearts of many
And walks with every self-deny'ing one.

When first thou chosest Him for thy heavenly ^{Leader},
Out of the darkness which His Light revealed,
Thou didst not realize how deep thy bondage, -
How much corruption was within concealed.

But He who died
Tho'; He may
And sometimes
Thou seems to

Now in the wild
Oft mourning
And by the inn
Thou finds it

Thus, is the man
To be worn out, -
Till wearied from
Thou learns to

And having felt
To purify thyself
Thou'lt call in
Christ - no

Thou wilt thou
And gladly wilt
Thou canst in
Thou count a

But He who did in love and mercy call thee,
Tho' He may hide Himself is always near;
And sometimes with a little comfort cheers thee,
Then seems to leave thee unto doubt and fear.

Now in the wilderness thou long has wandered
Oft mourning that thy progress is so small,
And by the inward stirrings so bewildered
Thou findest it hard indeed to press thro' all.

Thus, is the murmuring & rebellious nature
To be worn out, — its every hope denied
Till wearied from every sin-polluted pleasure
Thou learnest to walk with Him, the Crucified.

And having felt how vain thy best endeavor,
To purify thyself, and war with sin,
Thou'lt call in faith on Him who can deliver,
Christ — now more perfectly revealed within.

Then wilt thou joy in every tribulation,
And gladly wilt thou bear, Christ's yoke and cross.
Thou canst in humble hearted resignation
Then count all ^{earthly} things a gainful loss.

If Christ's the Captain of thy souls salvation,
Thou must with Him in every conflict share,
Thou'lt have, like Him, thy hour of sore temptation,
But feel His strength in answer to thy prayer.

No more for thee His quiet habitation
His time of triumph and release from death,
Than on the hours of inward desolation
The night of agony and deep distress.

Every degree of life and resurrection
Cometh thro' death and suffering in the flesh,
Until we know a perfect crucifixion,
And reign with Christ in ever-lasting life.

In vain we talk of God's great love & mercy
In sending to us His beloved Son,
And our believing too, is vain & empty,
Unless within our hearts, His work goes on.

If thou wilt leave the cross, the shame despising,
With Him who is the Way, the Truth, the ^{Life},
Thou shalt from suffering, witness an arising,
And victory thro' Him, in every strife.

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Thou longs to feel, the "love of God constrain thee
And be a child, "rejoicing to obey;" —
The law must do its righteous work within thee
And slay that part that standeth in the way.

Thou wilt thou freedom know, this Christ, thy
And Him, within this prophesy fulfil, —
"In sacrifice for sin thou hadst no pleasure,
Now, Lo! I come to do Thy holy will."

Thou look not back, nor seek a rest polluted,
Nor by thy doubt and fears prolong the strife,
But let the flaming sword work as appointed
That thou may feed on Christ the Tree of Life.

Scatter seeds of Kindness.
Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our paths;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessing of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.
Chorus - Then scatter seeds of kindness
" " " " "
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
Chorus -

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P. 114. 75.)

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold & stiff tomorrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the print of those rosy fingers
Vex us then, as they do now.

Chorus.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewed along our backward track;
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by —

No. 14. 45.)

The Voice in the Twilight.

I was sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid & gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won:

"It is nothing but 'moss, hay & stubble,'"
I said, "it will all be burned" —

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This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

loomy,
ed.
And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried,
But I am sure when He sees such building,
He will now let it abide.

uilding")
silver,
abide.
Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending & patch work combined.

fforts,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.
My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes.

tubble,"
" —
Dear child! she wanted to help me,
I knew 't was the best she could do;
But oh, what a birk she had made it,
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet - can you understand it? -
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
Art thou tender for the little child,
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of Compassion & love,
And my faith came back to its refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents, must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring & bungling,
And how far it all is from the
right.

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He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
Dear child: 'She wanted to help me
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudits divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I know by the thrill of my trust,
I was the hand of the Blessed One
That would tenderly guide & hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart it is strong & trustful
And mine eyes are unto Him.

Fors H. Smith, Johnson - 5. 24. 77.

The Children's Prayer.

'T was the eve before Christmas; "Good night"
had been said,
And Anne & Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows & tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night, their stern father's command had
been given,
That they should retire, precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of, than ever before;
He had told them he shot this delusion at him,
No such being at Santa Claus, ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more
hear.
How he scrambled down chimneys with
presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds
Eight, nine, & the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
Then Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered "Dear Anne - is you fast asleep?"

Why no, bro
"I've tried, at
For somehow
Dear papa
Now we know
For he came
But, then

And God w
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"Will, why ta

And ask
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Four little ^{fair} fl
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Why no, brother Willie, a sweet voice replied
"I've tried, all in vain, but I can't shut my eyes.
For somehow it makes me ^{so} sorry because
Dear papa has said there was no Santa Claus.
Now we know there is, & it can't be denied
For he came every year before mamma died.
But, when I've been thinking that, she used
to pray,

And God would hear everything mamma
would say.

And perhaps she asked him to send Santa
Claus here.

With the sack full of presents, he br^ought
every year.

"Will, why can't we pray just as mamma
did then,

And ask God to send him, with presents
adieu?

"I've been thinking so too." And without a
word more.

Four little ^{fair} feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close
to each breast

"Now Willie, you know, we must firmly
believe,
That the presents we ask for we are sure
to receive.
You must wait just as still, till I say
'Amen'.
And by this you will know, that your
turn has come then;
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and
me,
And grant us the favor we are seeking
of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea set & ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts
with a spring;
Please papa, Dear Jesus, and cause him
to see,
That Santa Claus loves us far better than
he;
Don't let him get fretful & angry again,
At dear brother Willie & Anne - Amen.
Please Jesus, let Santa Claus, turn down
to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is
light,

I want he
With eight
A box full of
Amen, and
This prayer
And with
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And with
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He seems
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I want he should d'ine me a nice little bed
With bright shinin' covers, and all painted
id.

A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and den (Jesus, I'll be a good boy).
Their prayers being ended they raised up their
heads.

And with hearts light and cheerful again
sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber, both peace-
ful and deep.

And with fairies in dreamland were
roamin' in sleep.

Eight, nine and the little French clock
had struck ten.

Ever the father had thought of his children
again.

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed
sighs.

And to see the big tears stand in Willie's
blue eyes;

I was harsh with my darlings he men-
tally said,

And should not have sent them so
early to-bed.

But then I was troubled; my feelings found
Vent.

For bank stock to-day, has gone down
10%.

But of course they've forgot their troubles
ere this.

And that I denied them, the price asked
for this;

But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the
door

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings
before,

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,

And arrived at the door to hear both of their
prayers.

His Anna's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears,

"Strange, strange. I'd forgotten," said he, with a
sigh.

"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas
draw nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly
said

By answering their prayers, ere I sleep in my
bed.

Then he turned
Threw off his

Donned his hat

A Millionaire

For stopped

From a box

Indeed, he

That she saw

Then home

And wish A

Miss Dolly,

By the side

A work box

And on it a

A soldier

"With bright

There were

And birds

While Santa

As if getting

And as she

Hee thought

Then he turned to the stairs, & softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat & boots, and in the street
A millionaire facing the cold & the sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From a box full of candy to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas
Stored.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table, spread out for her tea.
A work box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring, for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing
to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought, for his trouble, he'd amply been
paid.

And he said to himself, as he brushed off
a tear,

"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank stock fall ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,

To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve".

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one
by one,

How little blue eyes, out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them
found.

They laughed and they cried in their innocent
glee,

And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted) and left before light.
And now added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,

Determined
And told
That she
Used to
And that

"Then we

And dod
"I should
And kne
Well, well
"I would
Blind fa
And the
"I was the
And ma

Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft ^hispers, how Annie had said,
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven, had answered her
prayer.

"Then we ~~dot~~ up and prayed best as well as we
could,

And Dad answered our prayers. Now wasn't he ^{good?}"
"I should say that ~~he~~ was, if Hee sent you ^{all} these,
And knew just what presents, my children ^{would} please.
Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'I would be cruel to tell him I did it myself.'
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

"Written for the Pennsylvanian"
To my boy.

Among his earliest words he has been taught
to articulate "God bless me and make me a
good boy;" and morn and even he repeats
this little prayer to his mother.

Lisp forth thy prayer, my darling boy
Lisp forth thy infant prayer:
That God may send thee health and joy,
and bless thee free from care.

Thy artless words may chance invite
Some cherub on his way;
To guard thy rosy dreams by night,
and guide thy feet by day.

If manhood, stained with wealth and guile,
Petitions may declare;
Then surely angels sweetly smile,
On lisping childhoods prayer.

The import of thy words indeed,
My child thou canst not reach:
But infant innocence may plead
Without the ken of speech.

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Oh!
And
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And

Thou art, but yet, a bud of life,
Unknowing blight or fear;
And little dreamest that toil and strife,
Await thy coming years.

Thine is yet but the freshness of flowers,
With brightening skies above!
And smiling mirth beguiles the hours
Of innocence and love.

But shall the time will soon revolve,
If God shall bless thy span:
When childhoods dreams shall all dissolve
And thou'lt be a man.

A man, my boy to take thy place
Within the ranks of life:
And bear thy burden in the race
And mingle in the strife.

Oh! when I ponder this my child,
And recollect the snares;
And struggles fierce and passions wild
And woes and haggard cares,

That compass manhoods weary way,
Along the march of time;
I almost wish thy little day
Might set in childhoods clime.

Might set ere sin or sorrow came,
Athwart thy growing years:
To sear the hearts and waste the frame,
And turn thy smiles to tears.

But still I trust to see thee live
To act out manhoods part:
And spite of ills thy lot shall thrive
If virtue guard thy heart.

And shall not virtue guide his way
And grace to him be given:
Whose infant voice is taught to pray
And ask the boon of Heaven.

Then list thy prayer my child of joy
Nor cease through lifes brief span
That God may bless thee while a boy
And bless thee when a man.

J. H. Robb-

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